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## *From Publisher—To You*

*IN the words of Silas Bent—whose article appears in this issue—"Hearst is at it again."*

*CERTAINLY there is no predicting what this amazing man will do next. Since the Mexican documents were proved to be forgeries by his own experts—called by him to examine the papers, not before publication, but after!—he has come forth with a signed editorial in which he says: "I believe patriotically that the logic of events gives every evidence that the essential facts contained in the documents were not fabricated, and that the facts—the political facts, the international facts—are the things which are of vital importance to the American people and to the loyal representatives of the interests of the American people."*

*In other words, Mr. Hearst calls publishing spurious documents vital to the American people because he feels they are vital to him for the purpose of selling more papers.*

*THE truth is, of course, that Mr. Hearst is no enigma. He is merely a sensational publisher who makes his living by printing sensational stories, whether they are true or not. Every successful editor has in him something of this flair for the sensational, tempered by maturity and a regard for the truth. But Mr. Hearst is just the Cub Reporter Who Never Grew Up.*

*Mr. Bent's picture of him in this issue is one which Outlook readers will find very interesting.*

*TO people who are weary of yellow journalism, but who still remain interested in the human race, Bayard Dodge's "Modernism Goes East"—also printed herewith—will, we think, be found most stimulating; particularly the statement that the chief effect of Western thought in Oriental minds is a growing indifference to organized religion.*

*That seems to be the first effect of science everywhere. Religious authority is undermined. If it were not that spiritual truth usually derives new life from being thus set free, this would be something to worry about. As it is, Mr. Dodge's article seems most reassuring to liberals and intelligent people everywhere.*

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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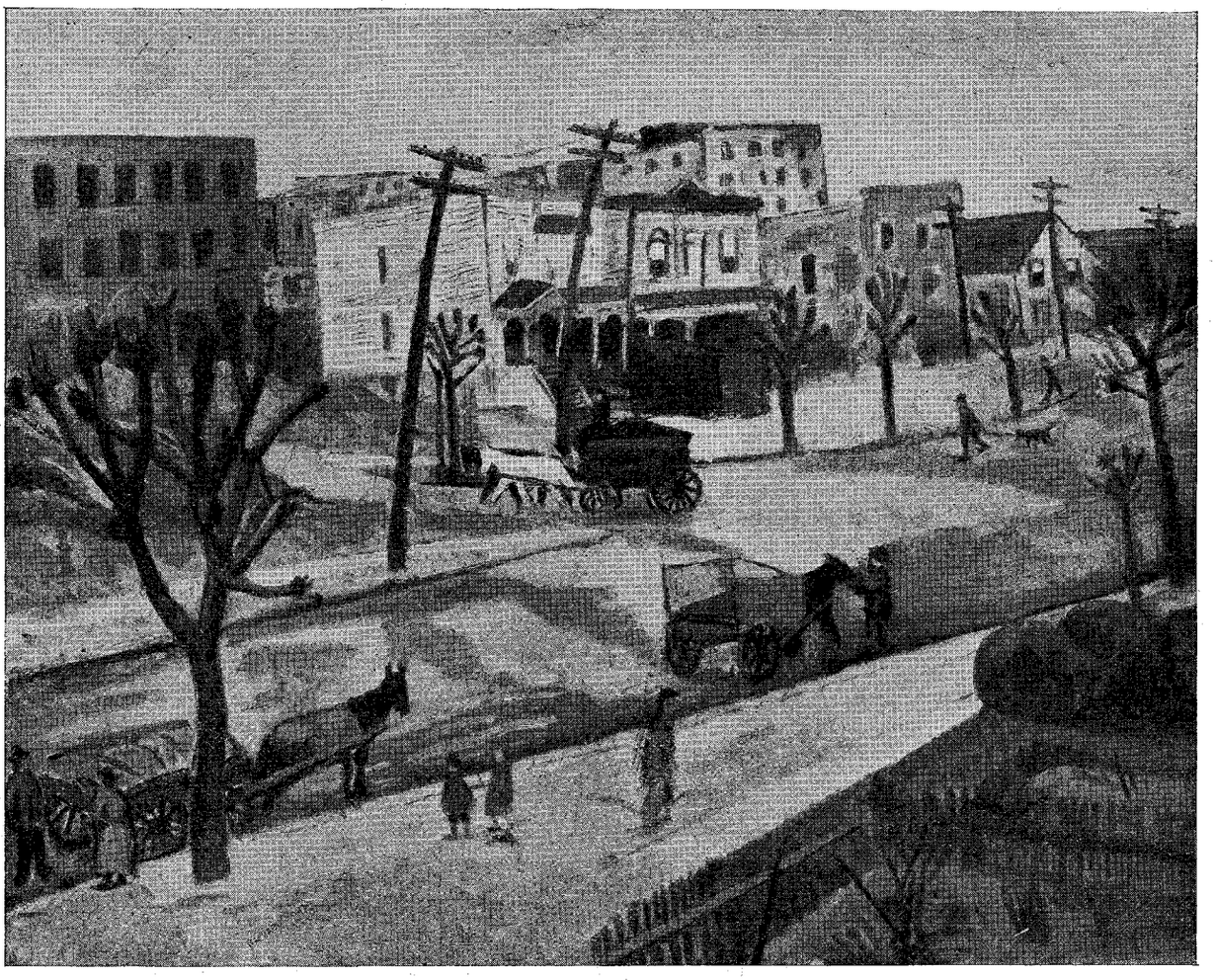

**THE BRONX**

**By Raphael Soyer**

*Among younger, more modern painters there has been a gradual abandoning of impressionistic painting in favor of a more expressionistic form. This picture is a good example*

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# The Outlook

Volume 148 January 18, 1928 Number 3

# Modernism Goes East

*By* BAYARD DODGE

A SHORT time ago, when Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick visited the Holy Land, he spent several days at the American University of Beirût. One evening he accepted an invitation to meet with some of the students, to answer questions about their religious problems.

More than five hundred men and women students filled the main part of the auditorium. Half were Syrians and Armenians from near-by places. The others were from Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia, Arabia, and Cyprus, as well as from more distant parts of Europe and Africa.

They represented every class of society. Some were the sons of cabinet ministers and great landowners of the old aristocracy. Many came from the families of wealthy merchants and well-to-do professional men. Others were the children of peasants, artisans, and refugees. They also represented at least a dozen sects. There were, for instance, Sunni and Shi'ite Mohammedans, Druzes, Bahais, Greek and Armenian Orthodox Christians, Copts, Latins, and Protestants, as well as Jews from Bagdad and the colonies of Palestine.

As soon as Dr. Fosdick took his seat on the platform the students were given a chance to write down questions. College men are so bashful about religious matters that I did not expect them to hand in many papers. To my surprise, several hundred students pulled out their fountain pens and wrote down questions on little slips of paper, which came pouring in.

As Dr. Fosdick realized that he could not answer each question individually, he asked me to arrange the papers in piles, according to general topics. I made one pile for questions about miracles; a second for the subject of Scriptural authority; a third for questions about the existence of God; and a fourth for the topic of eternal life. There were also questions about universal peace, and various social and moral problems.

As I read over the papers I realized a fact of peculiar significance. It was absolutely impossible to know what kind of a student had been the author of any one question. These young men and women from every class of society, as well as from two dozen states and over a dozen sects, were all facing the same problems and asking the same questions.

The Moslems and Jews were asking the same things about the authority of their Scriptures that the Christians were asking about the Bible. They were facing the same problems about the prophetic inspiration of Mohammed and Moses that the Christians were facing in connection with Christ. They were all equally anxious to find some basis for belief in a spiritual God and a spiritual life consistent with modern thought. Contact with Western life was turning these students of the Near East from their historic differences and uniting them in a common effort to face a new atmosphere of renaissance, which was created by the war.

Foreign armies had occupied Salonika, Constantinople, Smyrna, Teheran, and Alexandria. European mandates had been established in Syria, Palestine, and Irak. Automobiles, movies, cheap newspapers, translations of books on science, new educational systems, and Western commercial companies had followed in the wake of the troops. Modernism with its dangers and its possibilities had come bursting into the Levant from the West, affecting every phase of life and thought.

ONE day last May I was in an apartment-house in Constantinople. Below me in the street I could see women with their veils thrown back and men in European clothes. Taxicabs were coming and going and cinema signs were pasted on the telegraph poles. Just in front of me was the marble palace of the Sultans. With the overthrow of the Caliphate it had been turned into a museum and the palace beyond had been rented to a cigarette factory. A muezzin came out on the balcony of a minaret to summon worshipers to the palace mosque. I noticed that he was wearing a gray felt hat instead of a fez. Just as he started the glorious notes of the Moslem call to prayer an airplane came down the Bosphorus. The roar of its engine drowned out the chant of the muezzin. Realizing that it was useless to proceed, he stepped back, folded his hands, and was silent.

Once I was on a tram-car when the call to prayer sounded. An old sheikh in flowing garments pushed his way from the rear of the car to the platform and started to pray. All might have gone well if the tram-car had not happened to be going around so many curves that the sheikh became confused in his efforts to face Mecca, and so was obliged to abandon his prayer.

It was comparatively easy for the Bedouins of the desert to observe the fast of Ramadan, as they had few routine engagements and often traveled in the cool of the starlight. In cities like Cairo and Aleppo it is not so easy to keep the fast. Banks, department stores, railroads, hospitals, and other institutions of modern life must be kept going, in spite of the dictates of religion. To drive a locomotive or to stand behind a counter all day, without food and drink, is a severe test of devotion. Last spring I called upon a prominent Mohammedan during Ramadan. When coffee was served, I said that I did not wish to drink it while he was fasting. He answered by emptying his cup.

"Only the women have time to keep Ramadan in this household," he added.

It used to be easy for Christians to understand the Scriptures when they



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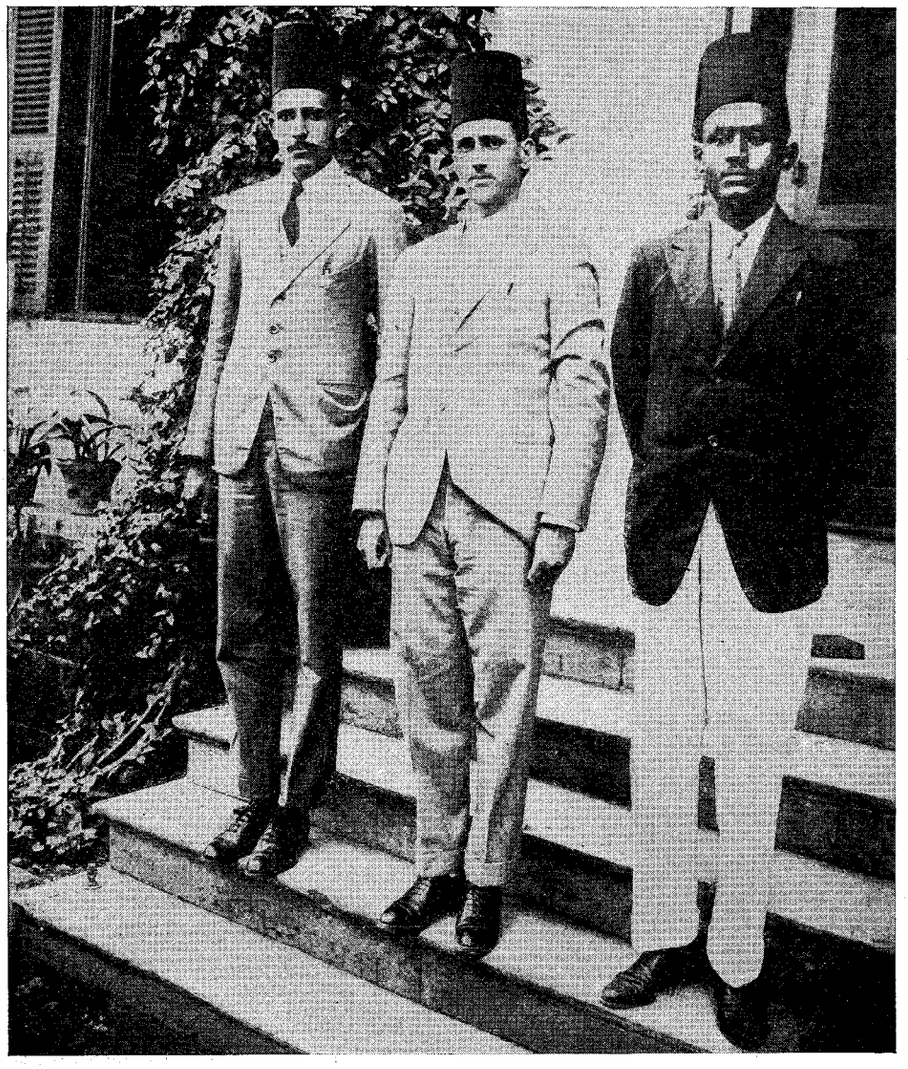

**BROUGHT INTO CONTACT WITH WESTERN THOUGHT**

**Three students from the Sudan, selected by the Government, at the American University of Beirût**

were read in Syriac or Greek. It was equally easy for the Arabs to understand the Koran, which was given in the classic dialect of the seventh century. Today it is exceedingly difficult for Christians to derive practical help from hearing their Bible read in archaic tongues, and few Turks or Persians can appreciate the classic Arabic of their holy book.

People of the Arabian Peninsula accepted the Koranic laws for women, the prohibition against alcohol, and the strict regulations concerning usury. In our modern world Moslem women are demanding the same social and legal rights that their Jewish and Christian sisters enjoy. Western soldiers, officials, and business agents are making liquor common in places where it used to be rare, and usury is an essential factor in our economic life.

For centuries leaders of the Eastern Church have held that a priest must be ordained in the Apostolic Succession, so as to have the right to administer the seven sacraments. Last summer the Lausanne Conference brought together representatives of the Oriental churches and also of denominations of the West. When the Eastern churchmen heard of the millions of Christians in America who disregard the Apostolic Succession and five of the sacraments, but are conducting world-wide movements in the name of Christ, it caused them to ponder about their own historic institutions.

A few years ago an astronomer from Mecca visited Beirût, where he told us of his theories about the stars. Our professor of astronomy invited him to visit the observatory of our University. After spending an evening with our twelve-inch lens, the old scholar went away in sorrow, doubting the truth of his ancient theories and oppressed by the inevitable force of science.

In March, 1924, the Grand National Assembly at Angora abolished the Ottoman Caliphate. When the Indian Committee for the Defense of the Caliphate asked President Mustapha Kemal Pasha to explain the action, he replied:

"The political dream, fostered by Mohammedans, that the Caliphate should be an Islamic government embracing all Moslems, could never be a reality. It has become, on the contrary, a cause of dissension, anarchy, and wars between believers. Better understood, the interest of all has made clear this truth: that the duty of Moslems consists in possessing separate governments. The true spiritual bond between them is the conviction that all believers are brothers."

Thus the old historic leadership of the Caliph was ended, after the war had transferred many portions of his Empire to Christian Powers. No wonder that young Moslems find it hard to adapt these events with the idea that their faith is the victorious revelation of a supreme God.

As contact with the West and modern thought bring young men and women of the East face to face with problems such as these, they are affected in a number of different ways.

In certain instances the members of Oriental churches, and even of non-Christian groups, have abandoned their own communities to become members of Protestant denominations. Many Persians are embracing the program of the Prophet, Baha Allah, while progressive Hindus are interesting themselves in Theosophy and liberal tendencies like the Brahmo Somaj.

Religious orders, like the Whirling and Howling Dervishes, have been driven from Turkey, and the idealism of the young men has come to express itself in a sort of Freemasonry known as the Ojak Movement. Freemasonry itself is spreading throughout the East and attracting men who are falling away from ancient rites and seeking to share modern ideals with sympathetic friends.

During the past century the great mufti and scholar, Sheikh Mohammed 'Abdu, built up the progressive Salafiyya Movement in Cairo. Although it was reactionary in certain ways, this movement developed a tendency to harmonize science and the Koran by a new method of interpretation. For instance, the thirtieth verse of the Second Sura of the Koran states that God said to the angels, "I am making in the earth a successor." This revelation has been used as an excuse to believe in the doctrine of evolution. The idea was that the word "successor" showed that God was sending man to follow the other forms



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of created life. The third verse of the 105th Sura tells how God destroyed the army which tried to invade Mecca from the south at the time of the Battle of the Elephant. It states that there were sent upon the enemy what has usually been translated "flocks of birds," but a more modern interpretation can recognize in the obscure wording the idea that God sent down microbes to destroy the enemy by epidemic. Another passage tells that men shall be attacked from "above and below," which gives scriptural proof of airplanes and submarines.

Encouraged by this type of interpretation, many young Moslems are freely accepting scientific ideas without being obliged to deny the revelation of the Koran. Furthermore, they are doing with their own scripture what Modernist Christians are doing with the Bible. They seldom read passages dealing with nomadic marriage and warfare, but bring to the foreground beautiful verses about spiritual worship and social brotherhood.

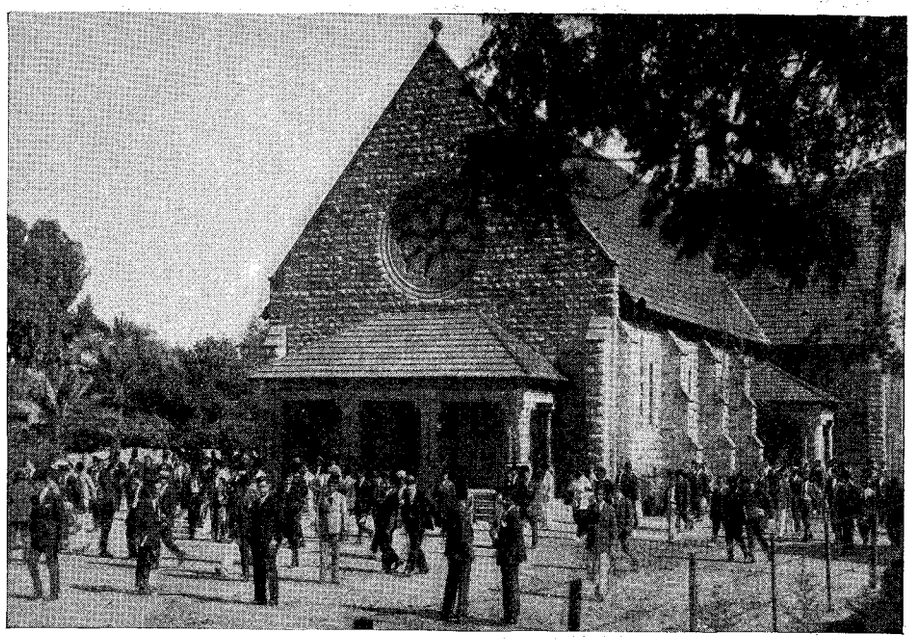
ALTHOUGH these developments are important, they represent only a small part of the Modernist movement in the East. The truth seems to be that the chief effect of Western thought is a growing indifference to organized religion. This process has its bright side, as it is undermining bigotry and sect hatred. It is dangerous, because it is threatening public faith and morality just at a time of reconstruction, when there is a great need for the highest sort of idealism.

During the past few years I have enjoyed talks with Moslem leaders, Orthodox bishops, pastors of evangelical churches, Jewish rabbis, and Latin fathers. All are anxious lest the boys and girls of their communities become so bewildered by Western ideas that they cast off the traditions of their fathers before they find anything else to keep alive virtue and faith.

One result of this movement in the Near East is a readiness for all kinds of people to send their children to American schools, so as to fit them for competition in the modern world.

I have come to think that the three things which do most to help Eastern students to keep alive their faith are freedom to worship and to discuss religion as they desire, social service, and, most important of all, the influence of teachers who do not preach religion but live it.

Last spring a group of young teachers and students went up to a backward town in the hills of southern Syria. They called on the sheikh and told him that they would like to devote their Easter vacation to serving his people. Although the people of the village have always been suspicious of outside influences, the sheikh was so much impressed by the unselfish offer of the students that he called his community together in the mosque and asked several of the Moslem and Christian students to speak to them. For a week afterwards the men from Beirût lived among the people of the town, teaching them the elements of hygiene, organizing games for the children, and giving the peasants an idea of village improvement. The students came back to college in high spirits, for they had put into actual practice some of those principles of love and service which they had come to regard as the truest expression of modern religion.



**The chapel at the American University of Beirût**

True religion is not a catechism to be taught or a ceremonial to be observed, but a contagion to be passed on. The best way to enable people of the East to keep faith alive when Modernism is pouring in is to bring them in contact with men and women who go about doing good as Jesus did. When so many Western influences are disturbing old traditions and causing unbelief, it is a challenge for our American schools to turn out leaders who will keep faith strong by the silent beauty of their lives.

During the war a young Christian from the old Phœnician city of Tyre graduated from our medical school at Beirût. He was immediately made an officer in the Turkish army. When peace was established, he started practice as a physician in the city of Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel. Just at that time there was a great deal of bad feeling between the Jewish Zionists and the Christians and Moslems of the town. Many of the doctors were asking large fees, and they showed their party loyalty by devoting all of their energies to people of their own sects.

The graduate from Beirût had mixed with college mates from so many races and religions that he offered his services wherever they were needed. He named moderate prices and was always ready to aid a poor patient, not only by giving his services, but also by paying for the medicine from his own pocket. For six years he went about among the rich and the poor of many sects, upholding the highest standards of his profession and exemplifying a beautiful spirit of kindliness and tolerance.

The young doctor went to a betrothal service at Damascus, where he died of a sudden disease. The Palestine Railways sent a car to bring the coffin back to Haifa. The Government authorities canceled passport formalities on the day of the funeral, so that friends could come from French Syria to British Palestine without delay. A throng of people met the body at the station and carried it to the little church in Haifa. For the first time since the Armistice, leaders of the Moslem, Jewish, and Christian parties consented to sit together and to speak from the same platform. All united in thanking God for a life which had given them new faith in spiritual things.



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# What Explains Hearst?

*By* SILAS BENT

HEARST is at it again. After a period of comparative quiet the most enigmatic figure in American journalism, a singular intermixture of Puck and Caliban, has emerged onto the front pages, not only of his own twenty-six newspapers, but of the others. His "exposé" of Mexican conditions has aroused widespread denunciation and conjecture. What are his motives? His reputation as a war-maker is disquieting. Is this another sample of yellow journalism at its Hearst? Or is it an attempt in good faith to reveal Central American politics in a true light?

It would be odd if we were to find that the Dempsey-Tunney fight had anything to do with the situation. It would be odd if a comedian and an aviator has helped upset plans carefully laid. It would be odd if a scheme for a giant tie-up of newspapers, movies, and radio were part of the picture. Yet it would be in character with William Randolph Hearst. Let us begin with the Mexican situation.

FIRST, let it be set down briefly on the credit side of the ledger that Hearst's International News Agency refused to carry a piece of State Department propaganda that Mexico was effecting "a Bolshevist hegemony of Central America." Robert E. Olds, assistant to Secretary of State Kellogg, gave this statement to the three news agencies in Washington, but refused to stand sponsor for it. The story was carried only by the Associated Press, and was printed in the very newspapers which are now berating Hearst most roundly.

The Hearst series, publication of which began early last December, is familiar property, and may be summarized thus: That Mexico made a secret treaty with Sacasa of Nicaragua repudiating the plan for an American canal across that country; that a treaty was proposed to Japan whereunder Japanese immigrants to Mexico and Nicaragua would bear arms for Mexico; that Mexico sent $100,000 to Russia and half as much to the Chinese Nationalists; that $100,000 was sent to the striking British coal miners; that bribes were sent to an intermediary in New York for payment ostensibly to four American Senators and two magazine editors.

The last of these developments, concerning attempted or pretended bribery, has caused the greatest furor. All of them are forgeries, as is admitted by experts belatedly employed by the publisher. The "exposé" is thus publicly branded as the sort of fakery which Hearst could have protected his readers from had he taken the routine precautions to test their authenticity. If they had been genuine, they would have tended to substantiate a piece of propaganda Hearst had refused to print without confirmation. A brief sketch of what has been happening, including some facts beyond the scope of the committee, may help to an understanding of the inscrutable "W. R."

At the outset, be it known that Hearst's stories about Mexico were not a piece of bungling. His papers are the best-informed in this country, probably, in regard to the sinuosities of politics in that country. I do not say that his readers are the best-informed, but that his editors and writers are, perhaps because Hearst has millions invested in Mexico. So that when his Washington "Herald" says of the documents, "The least unfortunate result was bound to be suspicion and ill will between the two countries," it constitutes a line of evidence that the publisher wanted to cause suspicion and ill will.

Yet until these publications the Hearst papers had been pretty consistently friendly toward Calles and toward Obregon, his predecessor. When Calles was elected in 1924, he carried forward unchanged the Obregon policies, and the plan is that Obregon shall be re-elected this year. But it became apparent to observers in Mexico last summer that there was a rift between these two, and that if Obregon returns to the Presidency in 1928 he will not carry forward the régime which he fashioned and which Calles followed. He has become allied with radical native and rural elements, and with a different part of the foreign element from that which has supported Calles. But it must not be supposed from this that Obregon's new attitude necessarily means hostility to the foreign oil, lumber, and mining concessionaires, of whom Hearst is one. It can only be said that his attitude foreshadows new adjustments, and that its future is incalculable.

During last summer Hearst paid sums aggregating sixteen thousand dollars for the collection of documents purporting to be from the secret files of the Mexican Government. Hearst is not the man to deal personally with an agent selling such documents, nor to attempt to satisfy himself personally as to their trustworthiness. He prefers to fix such responsibilities on his executives. If there is any sculduggery, he does not want to know about it. At an editorial conference once, for instance, it was mentioned that the pictures of the German raider Moewe had been obtained for Hearst by bribing a minor official. Hearst repressed a smile. "Don't you know," he said, "that you must never tell me things like that?" But at another conference, when a business manager was urging, on the ground that honesty was the best policy, a truth-in-advertising campaign, Hearst said, dryly, "I have observed that principles are the impediments of small men." His subordinates treasure remarks such as these. All of them dote on "W. R." There is good ground to doubt whether any other publisher has inspired in the employees with whom he came in contact a blinder or more devoted loyalty.

And so if a managing editor looked Hearst in the eye and told him that the Mexican documents were the goods and a whale of a story, that was enough. The publisher has all the yearning of a cub for a big beat; his fondness for sensational news has carried him away more than once.

WHILE Hearst was debating, presumably, the wisdom of printing the documents he had bought, the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Chicago, on September 22, was broadcast by a rival chain of newspapers. To describe the effect of this on Hearst is beyond the printed word. That he and his forces had been asleep while the coup was put over by their competitors humiliated and mortified him. No proud and sensitive man thrown out of his home by a ruthless mortgagee could be more deeply



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**William Randolph Hearst**

wounded. Hearst makes it a rule never to break any contract with an employee, and did not relieve his feelings by firing a few executives. He humbly asked and got permission to broadcast the fight, with due credit to his rivals, on the coast. And he stepped personally into the picture, resolved on stunts which would throw the enemy into the shade.

At that moment, I am convinced, Hearst resolved any doubts he had entertained about printing the Mexican documents. But he wanted a Congressional investigation; he wanted it while the publication was hot, and Congress would not convene until December. Therefore the story had to be held up.

Dwight Morrow had been appointed on September 20 Ambassador to Mexico, and had set out for the capital without waiting for a Senate confirmation. His mission was conciliatory, and it was assisted by a decision of the Mexican Supreme Court invalidating certain clauses of the 1927 Constitution, which had been denounced by the oil concessionaires and Mr. Coolidge as confiscatory. The effect of the decision was to ease the diplomatic strain between the countries and to mollify large holders in the United States of properties across the border. And, so far as a campaign of "suspicion and ill will" was concerned, worse setbacks were in store.

How was Hearst to know that the new plenipotentiary, as a part of his good will program, would invite his friends Will Rogers and Charles A. Lindbergh to Mexico City? How was he to foresee the dampening effect of their visit on his documentary dynamite?

Ambassador Morrow had a laughing acquaintance with the comedian, as have many of the "big men" in this country; with Colonel Lindbergh he was on closer terms. He had advised the aviator against heading a commercial air transport company, on the ground that the United States, with its fast railroads, was not ready for such a venture; he had entertained the flier in his home, and had dissuaded him from permitting another man to write "We" for his signature, as was done in the case of the news stories put out in the aviator's name. While Lindbergh chewed a pencil and agonized over his book Mr. Morrow's admiration mounted; and he came to the conviction that such an ambassador as this could accomplish wonders undreamed of in formal diplomatic philosophy. So he arranged with the State Department (which had refused to let a Texas Chamber of Commerce send a good flier to Mexico) to clear the way across the border for Colonel Lindbergh, and then he arranged with President Calles to send the invitation as though it were just a happy spontaneous thought of his.

That Lindbergh was to make the flight was announced to a waiting world the very same morning Hearst sprang his story about Mexican money for United States Senators. On the Senatorial story he put a headline three inches tall across the top of his New York "American," and to the Lindbergh story he gave an item three and three-quarter inches long, headline and all, at the bottom of the page. How different the other *entrepreneurs* of pure news! The "Herald Tribune," which had no ax to grind, put the Lindbergh story under a single-column head with good display. The "Times," which had arranged to get the Colonel's "own" stories, just as it got them after the Paris flight, gave the announcement a three-column headline to lead its first page, and ran over inside with the story. Not all the Hearst revelations about Mexico could hold a candle in the public eye with the blinding fact that its adored Lindbergh was to do another of those thrilling stunts. Thirty-five million readers figuratively jumped up and down and clapped their hands. Thus what was to have been the big explosion in the Hearst papers sizzled like a damp firecracker. Not until the Senate took up the matter in a serious way, a few days later, did it get the publicity Hearst hoped for; and even then it was overwhelmed in the joyful acclaim of Lindbergh's flight—an acclaim which arose on both sides of the border.

It was a hard break for the Playboy of the Press, but he was not at the end of his rope. Whether or not, by some legerdemain, he turns the table and justifies his Mexican "exposé," at least to his own readers, remains to be seen. At



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this writing it appears improbable. But even if it is done, the other papers are likely to ignore it. They will ignore it if they can. Hearst has been their scapegoat for more than a quarter of a century, and all the sins of their fathers have been visited on his head. He gets the blame and none of the praise. When a Hearst reporter, by interviewing a juror, caused a mistrial of the Ford-Sapiro suit, and the stunt was denounced from the bench as "depraved journalism," editorial sanctums from coast to coast rocked with horror of Hearst methods; but when a Hearst reporter turned up the fact that Harry F. Sinclair had hired spies to shadow the jury trying him and former Secretary Fall, the other papers, although smugly reminding their readers of this service on the part of journalism, quite forgot to say anything about Hearst, or to mention that it was a Hearst reporter who turned the trick.

But Hearst has still a trick or two up his sleeve wherewith to confuse his competitors. He has not forgotten that Dempsey-Tunney broadcast, and is at work on the formation of a fifty-station radio network, with WHN in New York as the key station. Through his far-flung newspapers he will give publicity to its programs, and through the air he will broadcast International News bulletins. More—and who but Hearst would have thought of this?—he will broadcast motion pictures! Indeed, he has already tried the experiment. A description of "Love," with incidental music, has been put on the air, reel by reel, just like a prize-fight.

Aside from his news reel, Hearst puts out few pictures nowadays save those starring Marion Davies. These are released through the Metro-Goldwyn group, which is interested also in the radio hook-up. Early in the history of the motion pictures, as Terry Ramsaye has shown, newspapers conspired with the new vehicle of amusement to their mutual profit. Hearst appears to be the first publisher to see the possibilities of tying together all three avenues to the public mind.

Nearing sixty-five, Hearst is capable of such schemes and such showmanship as this. Yet his life is now an anti-climax. Its apex was reached in his middle thirties, and has been a steady decline since then. Only an incorrigible appetite for power in its spectacular manifestations drives him on. The spectacle never quite comes off. He has never since approached that peak, when he stood on a battlefield in Cuba and received as his personal souvenir a shell-torn Spanish standard. He had made that war. It is true that the elder Pulitzer had helped, but any Hearst man will tell you the "World" joined the Junker propaganda because it was forced to. The triumph of having driven this country into conflict with a weak nation, in the certainty of victory—but perhaps without prescience that the victory meant imperialism—that triumph is Hearst's. And it is safe to say that this was the proudest moment of his life, his dramatic apex of power.

After such a moment the abortion of his Mexican adventure, the uncertainty of his scheme to effect a newspaper-movie-radio tie-up, the grandiose dispensation of Christmas dinners to the poor are pale compensations. Buying castles and churches in Spain and Italy and England, and having some of them transported to this country, offers no adequate balm for the hurt of the Dempsey-Tunney broadcast. An immense barony in central California and plans for landscaping, palace-building, are a bit thin after the high emprise of journalistic exploits. It must be said that Hearst has a real flair for rare books and old tapestries. Agents are continually scouting Europe for him, and sending over precious objects, with sight drafts attached. In such an emergency, Hearst just draws on one of his twoscore properties for the wherewith to meet the bill. He has no stated income, and his hobbies become an expense charge against his companies.

"It is to be noted," says a memorandum which forms part of the voluminous hearings of the Couzens Senate Committee into the operations of the Internal Revenue Bureau as administered under Secretary Andrew W. Mellon, "that no records are kept by Mr. Hearst in spite of the various ramifications of his interests." (Once upon a time a subordinate, who thought the conduct of the Hearst enterprises extremely unbusinesslike, undertook to draw up a balance-sheet for them; this involved changing his chief's drawing accounts into income statements, and the subordinate is no longer with the Hearst outfit.) The wildest statements are made, and are seldom disputed by Hearst, as to the range of his wealth. "In 1926," vows the jaunty "New Yorker," "Hearst's gross income was probably a hundred and fifty million dollars." It might be embarrassing if Mr. Mellon heard that, and believed it. Or it might not. The Couzens report shows that in three years Hearst's Star Publishing Company (the New York "American") got reductions in tax liabilities aggregating about one and three-quarter millions. (The Hearst papers have been booming Mellon for President.) And they show that in 1919, the year of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst's death, she lent this newspaper a million, took interest-bearing notes for that sum, and assigned them to her son "for no apparent consideration."

About half the Hearst properties are reputed to be in red ink. In New York the "American" (called by newspaper men "The Vanishing American") piles up a deficit of about a million a year. It is Hearst's pet newspaper; he has no fondness for the "Evening Journal," his best-paying daily, which nets about $1,800,000 in prosperous years. His Atlanta "Georgian" has been a constant drain, but he won't turn it loose. From his father, a product of Western mining camps and once Senator from California, he inherited about seventeen millions; whether the son is worth that now, or more than that, or less, is a matter of conjecture.

Cynical, aloof, and cold, Hearst sometimes does things which seem reckless and irresponsible. He can be prankish, and yet he has about him an imperial glamour. No President has ever been more gossiped about: Hearst's dalliances, his extravagances, his whims, his bursts of generosity and moods of icy wrath, the magnificence of his Riverside Drive apartment and his neckties, the sudden transfer of his subordinates and his incalculable changes of editorial front, afford endless food for small talk. As a fact, he is a hard-working millionaire, who devotes personal attention to his corporations and conducts his newspapers and magazines with great virtuosity of showmanship. He gets no credit for his real services in galvanizing American journalism, as well as conducting every once in so often a genuinely praiseworthy crusade. Probably he doesn't know himself where his spirit of public service ends and his genius for spectacular entertainment begins. His Mexican adventure is a current manifestation of one or the other, or both, perhaps with a blending of international intrigue. Hearst will have been dead a long while before he is accurately appraised.



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# Who's a Citizen?

## Editorial Correspondence from Washington

*By* DIXON MERRITT

COMPARED with the Smith and Vare cases in the Senate, very little has been said and written about the Beck case in the House. Yet it is, in certain respects, the more important.

Except that it involves the question of the right to a seat in the Congress of the United States, the Beck case differs in every particular from the Smith and Vare cases.

Smith and Vare were stopped at the door of the Senate, denied seats even temporarily, on the ground that money was corruptly used to influence their nomination and election. This involves a qualification—or disqualification—which is not mentioned in the Constitution and as to which many persons believe neither House of Congress has the right to inquire. The matter was referred, not to the regular Committee on Privileges and Elections, but to a special committee.

James M. Beck, elected Representative in Congress from the First Pennsylvania District, presented his credentials; they were accepted and he was assigned a seat. But Minority Leader Garrett raised a question as to whether or not Beck was, when elected, a resident of the district from which elected—a qualification, or disqualification, specified in the Constitution—concerning which the right of the House to inquire is unquestioned. The matter was referred to the regular Committee on Privileges and Elections, and before that Committee Mr. Beck recently appeared to defend his right to a seat.

There is no dispute as to the facts. They are these:

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Beck came from Philadelphia to Washington as an official of the Federal Government—Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. From that time to this he has maintained a residence, or at least a domicile, in the District of Columbia. During that time he has served the Government as Solicitor-General and in other important capacities. During a considerable part of the time he has engaged in the practice of law in Washington.

During all of this time he has claimed Philadelphia as his legal residence, though he appears not to have had a domicile there. Whether he has all of the time been taxed in Philadelphia does not yet appear in the record, but he was taxed there in 1926 and 1927. In the latter year, at a special election, nearly sixty thousand of the electors of the First Congressional District cast their ballots for him, while less than two thousand voted for his Democratic, and only, opponent.

Now is James Montgomery Beck a resident of Philadelphia or of Washington? That question the Committee on Elections, first, and the House of Representatives, finally, must answer. Mr. Beck said to the Committee that if it and the House later should decide that he is not a resident of Philadelphia—which would deprive him of his seat in Congress: "I should accept without any resentment, for I recognize that the question is not free from difficulty."

The consequences of such a decision would be very great and very far-reaching, estopping not merely an able man from sitting in the Congress of the United States—where, Heaven knows, able men are needed—but estopping thirty thousand other men and women from doing the things that they are doing. For those thirty thousand, however, a court decision would be necessary. For Mr. Beck, the action of the House would be final.

Those thirty thousand are men and women holding Federal Government positions, high and low, having their domiciles in Washington and their legal residences in the forty-eight States.

Many of them have spent practically the whole of their active lives in Washington, and equally many have neither paid taxes nor voted in the States of their residence. Yet the whole practical machinery of appointment and tenure of office in the Federal establishment is based on the assumption that legal residence does not follow domicile to the District of Columbia. No man or woman is, strictly speaking, a citizen of the District of Columbia. Those living in the District who have not retained citizenship in the States are merely citizens of the United States, living on ground which is essentially a Federal Government reservation, differing in size rather than character from forts and arsenals.

This situation has in recent years brought from some of those living in the District and with citizenship nowhere the demand that suffrage be conferred upon inhabitants of the reservation known as the District of Columbia. Though the fact is recognized that such action would nullify most of the advantages of having a seat for the Federal Government not in any way subject to any State Government, the demand has become insistent and has acquired large and impressive support.

Only the other day Senator Caraway, impressed with the futility both of acceding to the demand and of bringing about its withdrawal, introduced a bill by which the Federal Government would cede back to the State of Maryland the little plot of land, ten miles long by about five miles wide on the average, which constitutes the District of Columbia.

That may seem, on first blush, a bizarre proposition. But, if those who sojourn at Washington must have the right to vote, had they not better have it as citizens of the State to which the land originally belonged than as citizens of a new little State not as big as a fairly loose-cut cattle ranch?

All of these things are involved, in some sort, in the Beck case. For if those who work in the District of Columbia and vote in the States are to be denied that right, many of them will join in the demand for District suffrage.

So it comes about that James M. Beck, of Pennsylvania—or not of Pennsylvania, as the case may be—trying to keep seated in the House, is more important than Smith and Vare, trying to be seated in the Senate. They are two big—but he is thirty thousand big.



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# Home Was Never Like This

*By* CHARLES MERZ

THIS bit of sunny Spain just thirty-seven minutes from the Public Square was the old Kearns farm for more than half a century. It was the old Kearns farm while the city slept beyond the hills and the Public Square lay miles away along dirt roads. Then suddenly the city woke and stretched and pushed its electric transit out across the hills and brought its smoke-stacks nearer and sent its army of land-hungry citizens pushing farther and farther hunting suburbs and fresh air. This was the old Kearns farm while three generations of Kearns boys husked their corn in the same weather-beaten shed, undisturbed by thoughts of a future traffic problem in their barnyard. It is no longer the old Kearns farm. It is Española Terrace Gardens.

There is a steam-shovel digging where the cow-barn used to stand. It is excavating for the new Community Center Club, which is to be an exact replica of the Alhambra at Granada. There is a line of white stakes running from the potato patch to a point about two hundred yards beyond the silo. That is Buena Vista Avenue. It is going to lead from the Public Library, which is to be an exact replica of the Baptistery at Pisa, to the Public Filling Station, which is to be an exact replica of the Puerta de la Loreja at Seville.

Down at the end of the pasture, where the tractors are pulling stumps, is to rise the Española Auditorium, which will reproduce the Baths of Caracalla, and over there at the end of the apple orchard—that will be the corner of Buenos Aires Place and Rio de Janeiro Street—there is to be an apartment building with a real leaning tower. Beyond the apple orchard the property of Española Terrace Gardens does not reach. But flanking it on the south and west there are to be subdivisions of the original development later on, when the market warrants their creation: Española Terrace Garden Gables and Española Terrace Garden Gables Manors.

THE practice of promoting real estate booms through the wholesale importation of Old World architecture and the cultivation of a romantic background has come to the front in the recent history of Florida; so much to the front that it is unnecessary to tarry over the story except for the light it throws upon a whole series of Spanish and Italian and Italian-Spanish ventures now in progress in widely scattered sections of the country.

When the boom came to Florida, it came first to a seaboard rich in natural beauty. Here, in a setting of palms and surf and coral beach, was a romantic background. Industrious landscaping made it even more romantic. Distinctive types of architecture were developed at each project. The Palazzo-Firenze Apartments arose at Davis Islands, and five Campanile of San Marco were planned for Venetian Isles. A conscientious effort was made to devote to romantic purposes all utilitarian improvements (drain ditches, for example) which lent themselves to more exotic treatment. Old towns acquired slogans. New towns acquired names—names of far-away romantic places which set the imagination soaring as they rippled from the tongue: Rio Vista, San José, and Santa Monica; Villa Venetia, El Portal, and Santa Rosa Beach. Wherever the situation of a project was particularly happy some special effort was made to reproduce an Old World charm. Coral Gables brought twelve gondoliers from Venice, with two gondolas to the gondolier, "equipped with all the picturesque accouterments of the real Venetian craft."

Conceived in this spirit, the boom in Florida produced a series of new cities which acquired a National reputation overnight. There was Coral Gables with its gondoliers, canals, casinos, subcasinos, and Venetian playgrounds. There was Hollywood-by-the-Sea—"a Hollywood," said its founders, "of canals, lagoons, and lakes, giving within the city limits alone seventy-five miles of waterway." There was Tivoli Gardens, of which the advertisements said: "As its name indicates, Tivoli Gardens draws its inspiration from old Italy. All architecture, landscaping, boulevarding, lighting, etc., will faithfully follow the Italian mode. Even the smart shops at the eastern end of the development are to be replicas of the Italian. In the center of Tivoli Gardens, in a miniature garden of its own, is to be erected the Villa d'Este"—a fireproof hotel.

Where the process of recreating in Florida the show places and garden spots of southern Europe found its perfect flower no two promotion experts would agree. Perhaps at Coral Gables. Perhaps at Miami Beach. Perhaps at Boca Raton; Boca Raton, "on the Camino Real—a really royal highway—paved throughout—jeweled with lagoons—festooned with tropical foliage—fashioned after Rio de Janeiro's Botafogo, the most fascinating thoroughfare in all the world." It was here, said the architects, that "the world of international wealth that dominates finance and industry—the world of international society that sets fashions and sanctions customs—will find its new capital. Boca Raton *is* because the world of large affairs, smart society, and leisured ease has need of a new resort such as Boca Raton is to be."

A new world arose in Florida—a world of fronds and palms and palaces, of Moorish shops, Italian streets, Castilian clubs, and Neapolitan ice-cream.

THE sensational development of Florida's most famous booms is sometimes supposed to constitute a unique chapter in the history of America, but we are unobserving if we do not recognize that this same transformation of the plain into the spectacular is now in progress in many sections of the country. Florida may lead the way. But the vogue for Old World architecture, the borrowing of distant and romantic names, the development of new real estate by making it above all else exotic, and the serious business of importing Europe piece by piece and stone by stone are all present-day characteristics of an industrious nation.

There is Mariemont, for instance. Mariemont is a long way from the poinsettia blossoms and the coral strands. Its trees are not royal palms, but horse-chestnuts. Mariemont is a suburb of Cincinnati, on the banks of the Ohio, not the Gulf Stream. Yet far away as it is from the east coast, securely put as it is in the center of the Middle West, remote as it is from cultural contact either with northern Italy or southern England, one reads of Mariemont that workmen are busy on the building of "lagoons," that the first of six "typical



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Norman English cottages" has been built by Harry O. Patterson, owner of the Mariemont Delicatessen, and that "craftsmen are busy laying the stone-shingle roof on the Memorial Church imported from England, this being the third time these shingles were laid upon a roof. The first laying was in the year 930 A.D., and the next in 1320 A.D., and the third in 1927."

Open the Sunday papers of thirty widely scattered cities. Turn to the Real Estate Sections; and if you do not find the announcement of a project which will bring more gondoliers from Venice for more new lagoons, you will find that a new Petit Trianon is rising on the Wabash or that another Ponte Vecchio is bridging an Arno far from the Tuscan hills. It is not always possible to borrow a roof from an old cathedral or build a network of canals. But at least it is possible to borrow names. And so real is this zest to bring something of the Old World to the New that there is no important city in the country which lacks suburbs with a Continental flavor. Start with the innumerable Spanish suburbs of Los Angeles; go east to Venetian Gardens on the edge of New Orleans; north to Palos-in-the-Hills, Chicago; and east to the new American Venice, sixty-three minutes from Times Square, New York—and there are bits of southern Europe scattered all the way.

It is at American Venice that "stately pillars topped with carven griffins guard the entrance;" that "fifty Spanish villas" are in process of construction; that "the Grand Canal is finished" and the gas-pipes laid; that "arrangements have been completed for the laying of the corner-stone of the first bridge, a replica of the famous Della Paglia Bridge at Venice;" and that "the whole scene recalls the ancient City of the Doges, only more charming—and more 'homelike.'" "To live at American Venice," say the advertisements, "is to quaff the very Wine of Life. . . . A turquoise lagoon under aquamarine sky! Lazy gondolas! Beautiful Italian gardens! . . . The Great Lagoon, . . . the Old World bridges. . . . And, ever present, the waters of the Great South Bay lapping lazily all the day upon a beach as white and fine as the soul of a little child."

Not all suburbs have a beach like this. Not all suburbs have a terrain that lends itself easily to developments as elaborate as the planning of whole foreign cities, the dredging of canals, and the reproduction of the Bridge of Sighs. But even where such improvements are impractical, even where it is difficult to give free rein to the imagination and where it is necessary to build upon more modest plans, there is no mistaking the effect upon contemporary American architecture of this new wish of ours to house ourselves in something reminiscent of a distant and romantic land. To be rowed home from the office in a gondola may be for most of us a distant dream. But there is always one's own house; and, wherever it stands, and whatever it costs, it can go Spanish if it wants to.

Count the *haciendas* when you tour the suburbs. Count the stucco walls. How many streets are there left in the United States today, however far from Florida or however far from Spain, without at least one *patio,* one adobe wall left rough with trowel-marks, and one cactus, real or artificial, on a Spanish grille? The rise of Spanish architecture is phenomenal. Introduced into this country at the Chicago Fair, it languished for some years; then found a congenial comrade on the west coast in the mission style of California. On the west coast it stayed, flowering here and there into a church, a home, or a hotel, until suddenly, within the last few years, on the crest of this new enthusiasm for romantic real estate, it swept the country.

*Haciendas* began rising under buckeye trees on land as flat and unlike the foothills of the Sierra Morena Mountains as Columbus, Ohio, is unlike Seville. New and strange colors began making their appearance in suburban streets: sunburned pinks, overcoat browns, smelling-salt greens, and sliced-banana yellows. The household magazines began bulging with Spanish advertisements offering Spanish hinges, Spanish lanterns, built-in Spanish fire-boxes, built-out Spanish balconies, Spanish plaster, Spanish tile, Spanish casement windows, Spanish awnings, Spanish glass, and Spanish jugs to sit on Spanish floors at Spanish wells. "Home-builders are turning to those unique effects in stucco with warm subtle colors and gentle textures which impart the feeling of true Spanish hospitality," says an advertisement of the California Stucco Company. "Over the whole country Spanish architecture has cast its spell."

How real a spell may be guessed from the columns of real estate advertising announcing Spanish houses, Spanish villas, and Spanish bungalows for sale. Freeman Homes, Inc., announce in the New York "Times" that they have "bought an entire block on Granada Place" at Biltmore Shores, and are starting operations on fifty Spanish bungalows at once. Tracy, Pearl & Co. announce in the New York "World" on the same day that they are building two hundred Spanish villas on Long Island.

The business of importing Spain has made such progress that even the conservative house of Sears, Roebuck & Co. —creators of homes that come all sawed and ready to be nailed together—has fallen into line. To their standard list of American types, one hundred per cent conglomerate from roof to cellar, Sears, Roebuck & Co. have added two homes that are distinctly Spanish: the "Del Rey" and the "Alhambra." Both have bright-red roofs and low Castilian arches and breathe Spain through every stucco pore.

If Spain leads the way, Italy is a close second. If there had been no Padua, no Florence, and no Venice, Florida would not be the place it is today. Neither would suburban Cleveland. Neither would the suburban district of any other prosperous and progressive city. Villas that would do justice to the Piazza Barberini are rising far from Rome. Bright orchid and pale salmon walls begin to line new roads as rapidly as the construction of new golf links paves the way into the wilderness for the creation of new suburbs. Half of our newest hotels and theatres have Italian lobbies, and half of our country clubs have gone Italian altogether. There are reproductions of the Ca d'Oro in cities seven hundred miles from water, and faithful attempts to bring the Villa Medici to cities where only the ice-man and the fruit-man speak Italian.

Nor are we partial only to Old World architecture. We go in for Old World wood and stone. It is good if the living-room is an exact replica of the reception hall of the Alcazar, but it is even better if the concrete beams are glazed and stained and bored with gimlet holes and pounded with a hammer till they reproduce an oak so aged and so worm-gnawed that it seems about to fall.

"It is a strange fact," says Talbot Faulkner Hamlin, in his "American Spirit in Architecture," "that at a time when there is a variety of possible building materials never before obtainable, when sheet metal and drawn metal and

(*Continued on page 120*)



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# Rivera and Mexican Nationalism

*By* HELEN SAHLER

LINES of white houses stretched along, shadowy and mysterious in the faint light of the street lamp; here and there the monotony was relieved by a *pulqueria*, ornamented by fringes of colored tissue paper hanging from the ceiling, with an oddly poetic name such as Divine Love or April Flowers emblazoned over the door. Disagreeable whiffs of pulque floated on the night air. The silence was only broken by the footfall of an occasional pedestrian or the infrequent rattling of a Ford over the cobblestones.

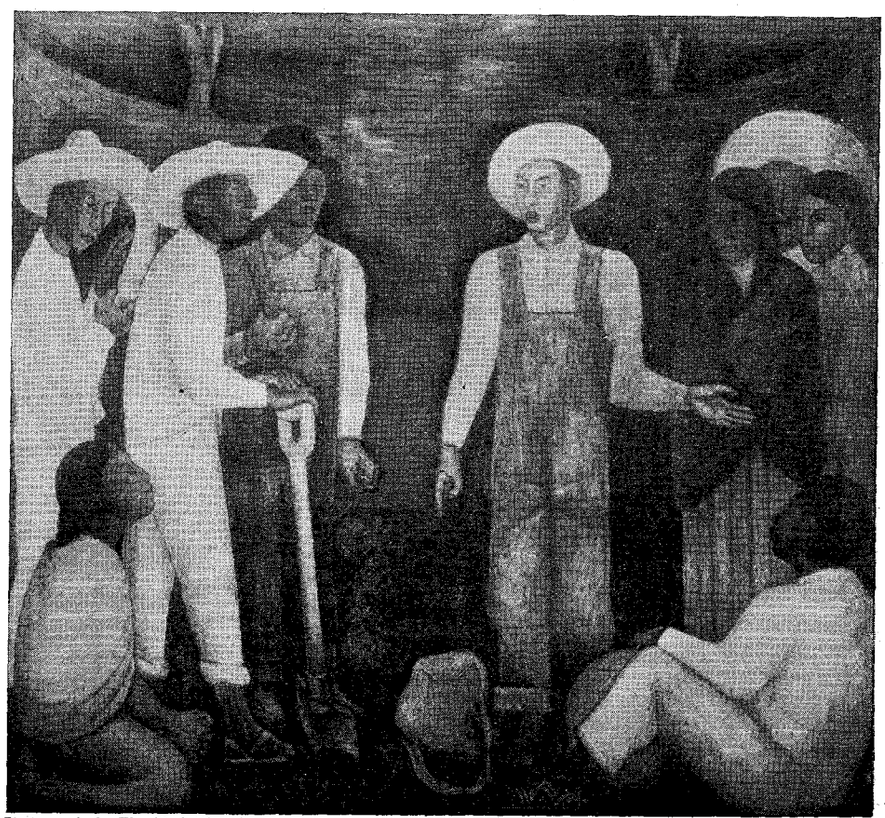
As we drove along we reviewed our impressions of our visit to one of the centers of Mexico's new nationalism. Our destination had been a white-plastered building with an inscrutable wall, such as so many exteriors in southern countries possess. We had been ushered into an airy apartment, the white walls and sparse furnishing giving an effect of space. Indian crafts were at hand everywhere: the seats (couches covered with serapes) and tables were very low, as if a concession had been made to those who were used to sitting on the ground. *Petates* (mats of palm and rushes) lay on the floor. Painted gourds shielding the electric bulbs pleasantly diffused the light. On the walls hung papier-maché skulls from the last Hallowe'en festivities, a horseman of plaited straw, an Aztec idol or two. In the corners stood a cane of carved wood from Apisaco and some fine examples of pottery—that art which Rivera calls the most classic and distinguished surviving. Nothing Spanish was to be seen.

RIVERA, Mexico's best-known painter, had met us within. Unusually tall and heavy for a Mexican; smooth-shaven, with wavy hair brushed back from a rather high forehead, and a broadly smiling mouth. In a room opening out of the one we were in had been Señora Rivera and a friend. The two women were of handsome Indian type, darker than Rivera. Their somber figures, silhouetted against the light walls, had made us conscious of the same spotting, the same contrasts of black and white, that Rivera shows in his frescoes. Their pose recalled the Sibyls of the Sistine Chapel. Theirs, like all Mexican figures, had no angles. The muscles of the *cargadores*, who carry extraordinary loads, never stand out. There is great muscular endurance in their small-waisted light structure; and so Rivera shows the Mexican in his murals.

Rivera had talked in Spanish and an American pupil—clad in celestial-blue overalls, looking like an archangel and named Higgins—had acted as interpreter. Rivera had told us that he had had fourteen years of art education in Europe, studying in Rome, Paris, and other capitals under Picasso and artists of the old school. On returning to Mexico, he had found art devitalized, divorced from live currents. He believed that it should interpret the life of the people, and had organized a union of painters and sculptors who shared his views. Vasconcelos, Minister of Education under Obregon, had given him his opportunity in the decorating of the Education Building. So much history he had given us. And then he had proceeded to talk of his work there.

In these murals it is the Indian whom he has represented as the Mexican. On the first floor of the building, the industries of the Indian are represented in colonial and modern times—pottery making, weaving, dyeing, sugar growing, fruit gathering, mining, smelting. On the second, the sciences are symbolically represented—geology, chemistry, medicine, electricity, astronomy, and surgery. And on the third, the life of the spirit, with portraits of the four Mexican martyrs—one the Aztec King Cuauhtomotzin and three others, heroes of the present revolution.

Through all these murals Rivera has portrayed his social philosophy, and, needless to say, it has aroused great opposition in many quarters. One represents the embrace of the field worker in his sombrero and serape and the industrial worker in his blue jeans, symbolizing the co-operation so essential for a democratic state and so difficult to effectuate. Another depicts the old-time boss, his face full of disdain, his belt of cartridges, prodding the workers on, regardless of all but greed. Others foretell a peaceful and happy existence for his countrymen when the wealth of nature and the blessings of science shall be assured by a beneficent social order: the soldier, farmer, and industrial worker joining hands; at first under



Photographs by Tina Modotti

**The glorification of Mexican industry**

Courtesy E. Weyhe Gallery



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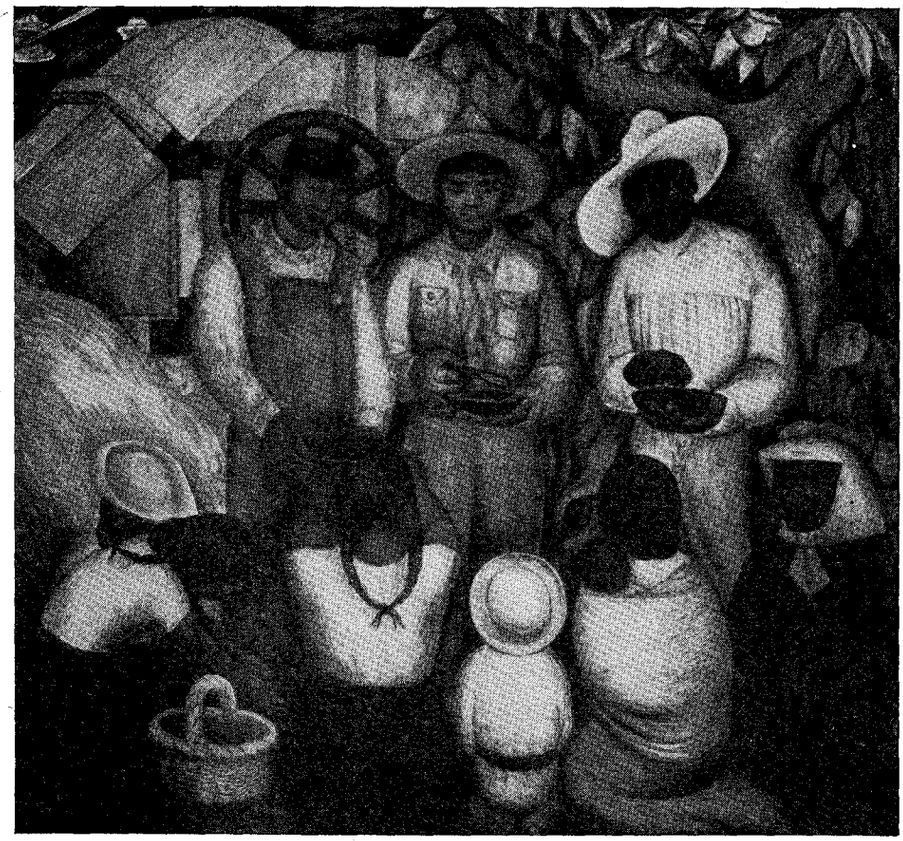
arms, and, finally, unarmed in a day when peace and social justice shall be secured. The Indian has been placed in these pictures opposed to the Spaniard, as everywhere in present-day Mexico—against the conquistador, the foreign exploiter, the alien priest.

THE drive from Diego de Rivera's to the hotel was a long one, and gave opportunity for reflection; nationalism and its relation to art was uppermost in our thoughts. We commented on the apotheosis of the Indian and the minimizing of the Spaniard shown in the frescoes. This over-emphasis of the Indian, we agreed, was necessary to balance the long-standing Spanish ascendency. Of course, the Mexican race is a mixed one. Mexicans are mestizos; the race has been mixed ever since the Church declared a baptized Indian was the equal of the white and sanctioned intermarriage, but under Spanish domination and after the mestizo, and still more the pure Indian, was looked down on.

Now we had come to the unfinished National Theatre. Its rusting iron girders rose above the marble walls, a testimony to the ambition of Diaz to make his city a European one. Wasteful in construction, the auditorium only large enough to house the élite; exotic in architecture, of a style then fashionable in Paris. Diaz was a mestizo and ashamed of everything Indian. He had sought to root out all the old racial customs, to annul the beneficent communal laws, to ignore the old arts. We contrasted this theatrical attempt of Diaz with the modest endeavors we had seen here and there to create a more national architecture, to revert to the colonial tradition, to build with indigenous materials—the beautiful volcanic crimson *tezontle* and the gray *chiluca*.

Now we were passing the Alameda. The Alameda was formerly a promenade for the upper classes. Then the Indian did not venture within. Today all is changed; the *beau monde* has departed, the Indian is in possession. At last he feels he is coming into his own. The struggle for recognition of the Indian commenced with the struggle for independence begun by Hidalgo, the parish priest, who raised the banner of revolt in 1810; and now, in the accomplished revolution of the last six years, since the Constitution of 1917, we have this enthronement of the Indian, this acknowledgment that he represents the only real Mexican race. Certainly, no one with a sympathetic imagination can visit Mexico without being conscious of this rebirth, this rising of the Morning Star of Indian nationalism, to use a figure beloved in their mythology.



**This and the photograph shown on page 92 are two of the murals by Rivera in the Education Building in Mexico City**

AS industrialism sweeps over the world, as its deadly monotony razes individuality, and machine products kill the crafts, there is synchronizing with it a sudden hectic glow of appreciation of the dying arts and an eager effort to fan the feeble flame into life. And with this cultural awakening, with this painstaking conservation of the still extant folk songs, speech, dances, and music, there is a realization of the value of the ancient art treasures which have left no survivors.

Mexico has awakened tardily, taught bitterly, as other lands poor in the present, rich in the past, have been, by the irrevocable loss of her treasures to foreigners. The contributions of the intellectuals to this cultural revival are impressively borne in upon the observer by the pyramids a few miles from the city of Mexico. We ourselves had ascended the Pyramid of the Sun, a great terraced, truncated mound, and had gazed at the Valley of San Juan Teotihuacan lying below. There in the shadow of these ancient Toltec structures rises a model school, a village, and an open-air theatre. Professor Gamie has been the moving genius here. By the restoration of the pyramids, fortresses, and temples he has sought to rekindle the racial consciousness. Here native crafts and customs are respected and bettered, not broken down. Experts have taught the valley dwellers how to improve the soil and their mode of living, how to retain the best in their patterns for serapes, pottery, and basketry, keeping them true to their cultural type.

The nationalistic spirit, however, is being developed much more rapidly by another process than by the appeal to pride in the common heritage of the past and a common culture. The country is being unified by greater facilities for communication; the growth of factories makes for community of interest among workers of hostile tribes; the railroads, telegraph, and telephone are destroying sectionalism; mass education is abolishing illiteracy and the illiterate are being reached by posters, pictures, and radio. Industrialism has brought this improved communication; in a word, Mexico is becoming industrialized, and in consequence more thoroughly nationalized. The Indian, who only loved his *patria chica*, is beginning to feel himself cared for and bound to a larger whole; he is

(*Continued on pag 120*)



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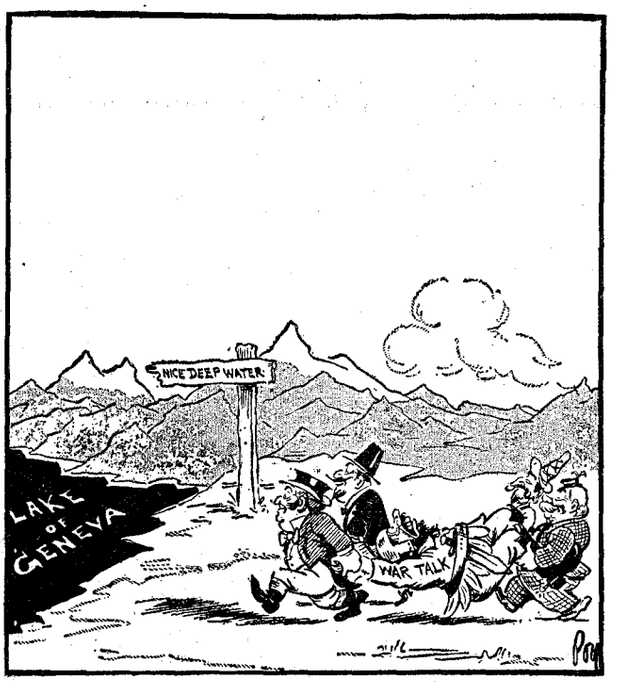
# As London Views Disarmament

*From the Evening News, London*




**"Drown him!"**

*From the Daily Express, London*

WELL, I CAN'T SAY THAT I'VE NOTICED IT, PROFESSOR!"
"YOU ARE SLOWLY SLIPPING! SLIPPING!! SLIPPING!!"
PROFESSOR GENEVA WILL NOW SHOW YOU HIS GREAT HYPNOTIC POWERS
ARMAMENTS

**A hard case**

*From News of the World, London*

**Bowing and scrap(p)ing**

Uncle Sam: "After you, my dear Europe!"
Europe: "After you, my dear Uncle Sam!"
Peace: "If only they were a little less polite they might make some progress."

*From John Bull, London*

**The Disarmament Conference**

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# EVENTS OF THE WEEK

January 18, 1928

## Governor Smith's Political Autobiography

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND words ought, it would seem, to be enough to enable a governor to give "in brief a review" and a "summary" of his recommendations to the Legislature. But Alfred E. Smith in the last annual Message he will deliver as Governor of New York has reviewed the work, not merely of the year that is past, but of the nine years since the war and since he first came into the Governor's office. His Message is really his political autobiography as Governor and, in part at least, his political creed.

Of course, this Message is not a complete picture of the man. By no means. In fact, there are two Alfred E. Smiths. One is the familiar figure pictured in the newspapers, with its almost inevitable cigar—the Tammany politician, the hail-fellow-well-met among "the boys," the proud scion of the East Side. The other is the master of State government, the indefatigable student of political machinery, the shrewd and able legislator, the dominating executive, the social reformer, the fertile mind. Perhaps between the lines of this Message there can be caught a glimpse here and there of Smith the politician; but the figure that is reflected in the Message itself is that of Smith the master of State Government.

During the nine years covered by his Message this Democratic leader has been Governor for three and a half two-year terms. During that same period the Legislature in both of its branches—except for two years when the upper house was Democratic—has had a Republican majority. It is only fair, therefore, that credit for what has been embodied in legislation should be given to Republican legislators as well as to the Democratic Governor. But it is also fair that credit be given to the Democratic Governor for so exercising the executive power as to secure the cooperation of an opposition majority in making this record of achievement.

Perhaps the greatest defect in this Message is the absence from it of any whole-hearted recognition of the part which the Governor's political opponents have had in this record of which he has reason to be proud. It is true that he has encountered partisan obstruction, which he has successfully beaten down by his skillful appeal to public opinion. It is also true that what has been achieved would have been impossible without some such leadership as he supplied. Nevertheless generous appreciation of those political opponents who gave his policies the majorities needed for enactment would neither have been out of place nor have diminished his glory.

In this Message, however, there is scarcely any mention of party. From beginning to end the only interest which Governor Smith holds up as an objective is that of the State and its people. If he gives no credit to others, he at least lays no claim to credit for himself.

He tells the story, and lets the credit take care of itself.

## His Most Memorable Achievement

OF the achievements which he records in his long Message that which Governor Smith rightly places first is the reorganizing of the State Government.

When he first came into office, the executive and administrative business of the State was distributed among a great number of unconnected but in places overlapping bodies of various kinds. When the people voted for candidates for the Governorship, they also voted for candidates for a number of other executive offices. Concerning the duties pertaining to these offices or the fitness of the candidates the people knew and could know little. It had long been obvious that the chaos in the executive government of the State was contrary to good sense; but it served the ends of bosses big and little, and it persisted. A Constitutional Convention in 1915 failed to reform the condition. Mr. Smith, then a member of the Legislature, was a member of that Convention and was recognized as a leader. When Mr. Smith became Governor, he appointed a Reconstruction Commission which, profiting by the recommendations of the Constitutional Convention, formulated a plan for reorganization. Finally, the Legislature drafted and submitted a Constitutional Amendment, and under the urgency of Governor Smith the people adopted it. The new and simple system is now in operation.

Now the executive departments are reduced to eighteen. The Governor has a Cabinet which is appointive. Governor Smith has chosen his Cabinet with little or no regard for party. "I deem it significant to mention," he says, "that at the first meeting of the Governor's Cabinet it was necessary to introduce some of the department heads to one another who had never met before, although all were engaged in a common effort."

In addition to the reorganization of the State, Governor Smith has left his mark upon the history of the State in other achievements. Of these not the least is the institution of the Executive Budget. The form of this was a subject of bitter debate, but in the end, on the essential matter of placing the responsibility for financial planning on the Governor, Governor Smith had his way. Another important achievement is the adoption by the State of the practice of borrowing money for what Governor Smith calls capital improvements. This Governor Smith carried through by appeal to the people against the judgment of many well-informed citizens who feared it as an opening of the door to extravagance.

Governor Smith's terms will be remembered as a period, not only of reorganization, but also of social and industrial legislation, of the extension of the principle of the Port Authority to bridges and other income-producing works, of the expansion of the public schools, and of the development of the activities of the State in several important directions. Governor Smith's mind is abounding in ideas—for the number of recommendations he makes mounts to twenty-nine.

But, above all else, it is for the re-



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organization of the State, which he regards as "the most progressive and thorough reform in the structure of State government undertaken by any State in the Union," that Alfred E. Smith's Governorship will be memorable.

## What Does the Governor Think of National Questions?

WHAT does this long Message reveal of Governor Smith as a possible National leader? He is a candidate for the Presidency. Does this Message tell anything of what he thinks of National questions?

Incidentally, yes. It says something about five of them—inland waterways, water power, Civil Service, agriculture, and prohibition. Besides, it shows a mind that leans to direct democratic rather than to representative methods.

For a waterway between the Atlantic seacoast and the West he favors an all-American canal.

In respect to water power he favors Government control—as distinct from mere regulation—at the source.

In regard to the Civil Service he is committed to the principle of competitive classification and permanent tenure.

Toward agriculture his attitude is clearly sympathetic, but he urges no policy that could be construed as providing a subsidy for it. He confines his recommendations to such matters as improving marketing methods; improving rural schools and rural health, aiding co-operative organizations, promoting good roads, and the like, including the development of hydroelectric power for the farm.

For prohibition as a policy he does not conceal his scorn. He ascribes its adoption in New York to hysteria and trickery. He wishes the definition of what constitutes intoxicating liquor left to the several States. But he says that there devolves upon the State—and therefore presumably upon the Nation—the "sacred duty of sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act." On this subject what Governor Smith has said is unsatisfactory alike to those who believe in prohibition and those who wish to see it nullified.

He wants the party convention abolished in the State and the popular primary restored. He wants proposed amendments to the Federal Constitution submitted by referendum to the people of the State. He wants the people to assume the right to initiate amendments to their own Constitution.

Here in this Message is the self-portrait of the man who seems now most likely to be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency.

## If You See It in a Hearst Paper

DOCUMENTS printed in the Hearst newspapers and purporting to support charges against President Calles, of Mexico—in particular, charges that Mexico paid over a million dollars to four United States Senators—are forgeries. That is the testimony of three handwriting experts employed by Hearst as well as three employed by a committee of the United States Senate.

The experts testified that several of these documents, purporting to have come from as many different agencies of the Mexican Government, were actually written on the same typewriter by the same operator. On the other hand, the signatures of President Calles, the experts said, were written by more than one person and none of them had the individual characteristics which go to make up his genuine signature.

Since publishing these documents, with the names of the Senators blocked out, Mr. Hearst has said that he did not believe the charge against the Senators of receiving the money. He notifies his newspapers "not to concentrate any further efforts toward proving or disproving the authenticity of the Mexican documents;" but he adds that, though he does not dispute the evidence that they were fabricated, he regards the essential facts contained in them as true.

He does not explain why he did not submit these documents to handwriting experts before publishing them. He must have known that the names of the Senators, though deleted in his newspapers, would eventually be revealed. He must have known, therefore, that these Senators would be subjected most unjustly to public discredit. He asserts that he was actuated by patriotic motives. Concerning his motives no one but the Searcher of Hearts knows anything, and no one need greatly care. On his own statement, what he did was to attempt to bolster up charges by publishing documents without submitting them to such examination as has since proved their falsity.

Charles A. Dana nailed to the masthead of his journal the legend, "If you see it in the 'Sun' it's so." Of course every newspaper, including Dana's "Sun," makes mistakes, but no newspaper that is regardful of its own reputation for trustworthiness can disregard the obligation to verify evidence which it adduces in support of charges reflecting on the character of any one, whether private citizen or public official. And what is true of charges against individuals is equally true of charges against nations. It is really no palliative of Mr. Hearst's offense that charges of Bolshevist plotting were given out from the State Department. The forged Hearst documents will have served a good purpose if they are remembered as a warning alike to public officials and to editors.

In the meantime, are we hereafter to assume that when we see it in a Hearst newspaper it is not so?

## Killing the "Lame Duck"

FOR the fourth time, and with only six Senators voting against it, the Norris Constitutional Amendment Bill has passed the Senate. The effect of the proposed Amendment would be that the President and the Vice-President would take office on January 15 instead of March 4, a little over two months after election instead of about four months after, and that Senators and Representatives would take office on January 2 following election, two months instead of thirteen months after they are chosen. The "lame duck" or short session—usually the turbulent, filibustering session—would be eliminated and each Congress would have two sessions of about the same length.

In the three previous Congresses in which the Senate has passed this bill the House Committee has reported it favorably, but it has never come to a vote. Always, it has been crushed to death in the riot at the end of that short session which it seeks to destroy. This time it goes to the House earlier in the life of the Congress than ever before, and therefore with more likelihood of final action.

Perhaps we have, at last, a set of Congressmen willing, for the good of the country, to sacrifice, if necessary, a year of their own "lame duck" existence.

## The Thames Assails London

THE English Thames is only about a hundredth part as long as the American Mississippi; yet when the Thames gets on the rampage, as it did the other day, it may rouse terror, drown victims, and flood streets and houses. One reason given for insufficient restraint of the Thames is that under the English



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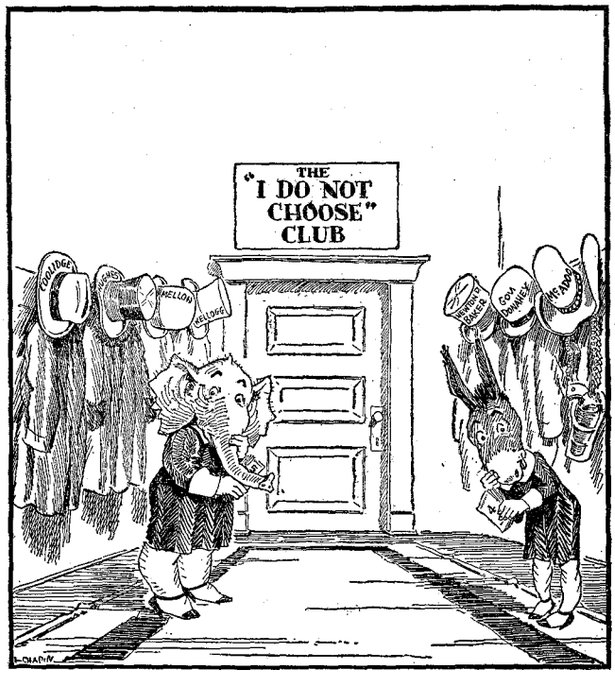
# Cartoons of the Week

*Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger*




**A crowding membership**

From Miss M. Edith Cowpland, Lansdowne, Pa.

*Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal*

**His chief interest in a neighborly reconciliation**

From Daniel W. Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Cartoon by Thiele*

**Next !**

*North in the Washington Post*

**The Congressional castigator**

From Daniel W. Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

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county and city division systems too much is left to local action and that there is too little concerted treatment of the river as a whole. A royal commission is to look into this.

From the point of view of permanent injury one of the worst national losses was caused by the flooding of the lower floor of the Tate Gallery, where hundreds of valuable drawings and sketches by Turner, Ruskin, and other famous painters were. It is hoped that the damage is not irreparable.

While the loss of life was not great, the suffering of those of the poorer classes who lived in basements and cellars in localities imperfectly protected by embankments was pitiable. The water rose more than six feet above the usual high-tide marks. One Socialist orator denounced the system which permits people to "sleep in cellars and be drowned like rats." Walter Besant, the novelist, knew London, and especially London's riverside, most intimately and worked vigorously for improvement in housing, but not even he had a plan for taming Father Thames entirely.

It may well be in England, as we hope it will be in the United States, that the attention now called to overflow danger may result in large and wise dealing with the subject.

## His Honor Andrew J. Gillis

"Bossy" Gillis, who, as he himself says, "used to like to hang around town late," has added to the fair fame of staid Newburyport, Massachusetts, by becoming its Mayor.

He had got into trouble with his predecessor by—as he put it—"bouncing my fist off his mug." He had been refused a permit to open a gas-filling station. Vowing that he would get rid, not only of the Mayor, but of all in the city government who had "picked on" him, he started his campaign and carried every ward but one. With picturesque vocabulary, he announced his adherence to the old American doctrine, since weakened by the classified Civil Service. "We won, didn't we? Don't the winners deserve the gravy?" Then he proceeded to institute his government by reprisal. His ax fell on officials from the Chief of the Fire Department to the Superintendent of Gypsy and Browntail Moth Extermination, including the "gent who had the present Mayor pinched for selling gas without a permit," and the one who told him to "run along home, puppy dog." To Bossy Gillis's regret, the police are under the Civil Service. "Maybe I can't fire the loafers, but," he added, "I can run 'em ragged and make 'em like it. They'll be up on charges in a minute if I ever hear of 'em getting too high hat to send out word at night

Wide World

**"Bossy" Gillis, ex-gob and filling station magnate of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who has just taken the oath of office as Mayor**

for a prisoner who wants to arrange bail. That's what they did to me when I was arrested. They'll face court, too, if they don't stop this business of allowing cheap coppers to beat up poor, crazy drunks. I don't touch rum myself, but I'll stick up for the under dog any old time. It's all right to look down on the poor bums and call 'em cattle while you're able. But some of us grow up and get refined and have our day. Then watch out."

There is something human about Bossy's philosophy that it might be well for some reformers to take note of.

When he went down to the "cop station" to "tell a few flatfeet something for their own good," he intended to dispose of four out of the seventeen—apparently on charges. But Bossy has a soft heart, and he thought better of it. Instead, he acknowledged: "We all make our mistakes, and I've made mine. I was going to do a job on you fellows. Now I don't know. As I get older maybe I'll be different. If you want to mend your mistakes, maybe you'll be different. Maybe we can get along better. We'll wait and see." His advice to the men at police headquarters is reported in part as follows:

"I want you fellers to keep the kids out of the pool-rooms, and I want you to keep 'em off the streets after nine o'clock at night. When I was a kid, I used to like to shoot a game of pool and I used to like to hang around town late; but I don't think it done me any good. Now regarding these auto speeders. There's lots of fools like to go fast, including your present Mayor and a certain member of the City Council. Some of us think because we've got four-wheel brakes it's safe for us to do what the other fellow can't. That's the bunk. When you see a guy busting the speed limit, warn him once. Then give him a ticket. And that goes for both me and the City Councilor."

If Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, is a candidate for the Presidency, why not Andrew J. Gillis?

## Bringing Mexico Nearer

Mexico City, which is now six days away from New York City for mail purposes, is to be brought within the range of two nights and a day. The voyage of Colonel Lindbergh served to center the demand for quick communication between the United States and its southern neighbors.

One practical result has been the announcement by Postmaster-General New that an air-mail route is being definitely planned by which the southern limit of the route that now ends at Brownsville, Texas, will be put in fast communication with Mexico City, and before long also with Tampico and its rich oil fields. When this route is in operation, mail from New York City will reach Tampico on the second day.

This is only one of many indications that the international air commerce of the future between the United States, Mexico, and Central and South America is on the point of permanent expansion.

## Southward Air Trade Outlooks

One of the things which Southern and Southwestern airports are discovering from Colonel Lindbergh's Latin-American flight is that virtually all the population that centers in the republics around the Caribbean is not appreciably farther away from the United States boundaries than San Francisco is from New York. To put it more concretely, Bogotá, Colombia, the least accessible



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capital in northern Latin America, is only a little more than 3,000 miles from New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, or Los Angeles. The landing-places in southern Mexico and Central America are nearer by a thousand miles or more. Because most of these points have been hitherto approachable only by sea or by complicated and unsatisfactory rail routes, Americans, measuring distance by time as usual, have been inclined to assume that they were practically as remote as Buenos Aires.

But the Lindbergh flight makes it plain that Guatemala City, about 1,900 miles from our Southern airports, can be reached in less than a full day's flying, and that in another half a day, granted an efficient relay system, light freight, mail, or passengers could be delivered in Bogotá or Caracas.

What the Southern ports are wondering is if mail or passenger traffic enough can be developed to northern Latin America to make a regular service worth inaugurating. And, logically enough, the very scarcity of efficient ground and sea communications with Latin America makes them hopeful.

If people in a hurry to get to the Caribbean republics for business or pleasure could travel on fast de luxe trains, or if executives handling huge American business interests in the banana and mining republics were getting their letters on limited mail-train schedules, there might be less urgency to develop air transport. But, as things are, there is at least a rational possibility that southern Mexico and the Central American states, if not northern South America, will skip the intensive railway development stage in their growing trade contacts with the United States and go in intensively for air service.

Already this possibility is awakening considerable interest in Southern trade centers which are in a favorable position to enlarge their Latin-American commerce. As yet, this has been expressed only in a few interviews with forward-looking Chamber of Commerce members and in one or two rather speculative newspaper editorials. But a survey of the opportunity to see how much business there may be in it and what the prospects are for landing-field developments and subsidies from the Governments and industrial interests affected would seem to be the logical next step for some progressive Southern Chamber of Commerce.

A parallel to the prospective outstripping of railways by air routes to the south of us is the early outstripping of highway development by the railways in our own great West.

Underwood & Underwood

**NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY HEARS EVIDENCE ON S–4 DISASTER**

**The Naval Court of Inquiry at the Charlestown Navy Yard who are hearing evidence to fix the responsibility for the submarine S–4 disaster. Seated, left to right, are: Rear-Admiral Julian L. Latimer, Rear-Admiral Richard H. Jackson, and Commander Leslie E. Bratton. Standing is Captain Joseph V. Ogan**

## The Two S–4 Inquiries

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S request that Congress should appoint a commission of inquiry as to the S–4 disaster was promptly adopted by the House of Representatives, and action of the Senate was expected to follow quickly.

This inquiry will be on a broad basis both as to the make-up of the commission and its duties. The President rightly believes that study by a body including three well-qualified men from civil life and two retired naval officers will satisfy the public demand for something beyond technical skill and lull the public fear that departmental red tape might hamper a purely official board. The scope of the inquiry will certainly cover the question how future submarine disasters may be avoided. We have had too many; the utmost must be done for future safety.

Meanwhile the Naval Court of Inquiry has, as we write, made considerable headway in its sessions at the Charlestown Navy Yard. It has done much to convince readers of the evidence that no one should rashly rush to conclusions or indulge in invective. The questions involved cannot be solved by diatribe. Congressman La Guardia found this out, and most honorably and frankly admitted that his first impressions were hasty. He had the good sense and fairness to study the facts on the scene of the disaster, and the consequence, as he says, was that one perfectly good speech was torn up.

Yet there are some phases of the evidence that confirm non-professional disapproval of our submarine policy. The disaster took place in the fairway of a navigable bay, without a tender to protect the submarine in its tests, and probably without due caution on the part of the Coast Guard patrol, the Paulding, engaged in a hunt for rum-runners. The need of a tender should have been obvious. Whether or not everything possible was done to save the submarine's dying crew, or whether what was done was the best conceivable thing, is a problem as to which the non-professional citizen should be slow to be positive or censorious; but there ought to be no concealment of the facts, or even ground for suspicion that there is concealment.

That there is much that may be done of value in future submarine building, in stiffening regulations as to operation, and in improving methods of rescue, is beyond question.

## Shall We Investigate Nicaragua?

SENATOR WHEELER, of Montana, has introduced a resolution providing for a blanket investigation of the whole Nicaraguan situation by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The common belief is that the resolution will probably be adopted, possibly with some amendment defining the scope of the investigation. If such an investigation is undertaken, it will have considerable international significance. The personnel of the Committee on Foreign Relations,



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therefore, becomes of especial interest.

Its chairman is Senator Borah, of Idaho, who is completely out of accord with the Administration policy and program in Nicaragua. Its ranking member is Senator Johnson, of California, who, while he has had less to say than Borah on this subject, is not regarded as a supporter of the Administration policy. The other Republican members may be fairly counted upon for a sympathetic attitude toward the Administration policy. They are Moses, of New Hampshire; Willis, of Ohio; McLean, of Connecticut; Edge, of New Jersey; Capper, of Kansas; and Gillett, of Massachusetts.

The ranking Democratic member is Swanson, of Virginia, lacking only three years of being as old in Senate service as Chairman Borah. Others on the Democratic side are Pittman, of Nevada; Robinson, of Arkansas; Walsh, of Montana; Reed, of Missouri; and Harrison, of Mississippi. None of the Democrats is likely to be wholly in accord with the Administration policy, but only one or two may be expected to oppose it violently and *in toto*.

The opposition to the Administration may very likely have a majority of the votes on certain points, but hardly on the main ones.

The investigation, if it is ordered, may be made constructive—especially if it succeeds in getting the facts fairly before the people.

## Bobby Jones's Renunciation and the Army-Navy Break

Two recent events in the world of sport are at opposite ends of the pole. One of them is a source of satisfaction for all of that part of the country which cares for amateur sport in its true sense; the other calls for sincere regret.

The first is the extremely sporting refusal of Robert Tyre Jones, the greatest of the living golfers, to accept an expensive home as a gift from local admirers; the second is the final and definite breaking off of plans for an Army-Navy football game in 1928.

Jones would have been entirely within the letter of the law of the amateur golfer had he accepted the gift tendered him in entire good faith by over-enthusiastic friends. As for the spirit of the law, it is rather obvious that the acceptance of such a gift, which comes purely as the result of celebrity attained as an amateur golfer, would be pretty directly opposed to any logical theory of amateur ethics.

Underwood & Underwood

**General Sandino, Nicaraguan rebel chief**

(*See page 103*)

Jones has been, very nearly, if not quite, the greatest golfer who has ever lived. Certainly he is the greatest of modern times and the best that we have had born in this country. But the present enviable regard in which he is held by the entire sporting world is due in a large measure to his remarkable ability at keeping his head in this day when so much sport is exploited to the limit.

The formal announcement of the abandonment of the 1928 Army-Navy game ends all hope for the present that the two service institutions would be able to patch up their differences. The contract under which the two institutions met this year had three more years in which to run. The Navy, in asking to be released from it, put this contract out of existence. If the teams meet again, a new contract must be made.

The opinion seems to prevail that, after a moratorium of a year, the officials of both places will come together again and, with a fresh contract to work with, arrange for a resumption of play in 1929.

## An American Half-Miler Breaks a Record

WITH interest more and more focusing on the approaching Olympic games in Holland, the first race of the indoor season of 1928, in which Lloyd Hahn broke the world's record for the half-mile which had stood unchallenged twenty-four years, was tremendously interesting.

It will be remembered that at the last Olympic Games this country won only by its success in the sprint and field events. There has been much lamentation over the decadence of middle and distance running here, as Paavo Nurmi and other great foreigners have ruled unchallenged. But here is Hahn, a sprinter who was turned into a distance man by Jack Ryder, the famous Boston coach, very definitely and surely setting himself down as the great half-miler of the day and close to the greatest miler.

According to present indications, America will have an extremely sturdy standard-bearer in the 800-meter and 1,500-meter events at Amsterdam.

## Mr. Hoover's Candidacy

THE Presidential candidacy of Herbert Hoover, though it is still an unannounced candidacy, advances. The most recent straws in the wind are the actions of the Republican State Committee of New Jersey and of the three Republican Representatives in Congress from Kentucky.

The New Jersey Committee, which previously had gone on record as favoring the renomination of President Coolidge, recently adopted a resolution expressing the "hope that Herbert Hoover will receive the endorsement of the New Jersey Republicans." A preferential primary will be held in that State on May 15.

At about the time that the Committee adopted this resolution, former United States Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, who is a candidate for the seat now held by Senator Edwards, a Democrat, issued a statement in which he paid high tribute to Secretary Hoover, who, he said, can best maintain the Coolidge policies of economy and efficiency.

The Republican Representatives from Kentucky—three in a delegation of eleven—declared, not merely their own preference for Hoover, but the belief that he is the choice of an overwhelming majority of Kentucky Republicans. They might have added that he is the choice of many Kentucky Democrats.



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The real significance of both the Kentucky and the New Jersey action is that, being debatable States, whether they go Republican or not depends largely upon the identity of the Republican nominee.

## Will the Radio Commission Survive?

WITH the appointment of only one of its members, the Acting Chairman, confirmed—and he appointed because of his legal attainments rather than for a special knowledge of radio conditions and technique—the Federal Radio Commission is within two months of expiration by statute limitation. Its work is not done. From the beginning it has been beset by difficulties and disasters. Two of its members have died. There is strenuous opposition to confirmation of three appointees who are sitting as members pending action by the Senate.

It begins to be apparent that if the work which this Commission was expected to do is to be accomplished Congress must extend its life. If its regulatory powers must be surrendered in March, as provided for in the existing law, its regulatory work will revert unfinished to the Department of Commerce.

And for Congress to permit that would be confession that the creation of a Radio Commission was not necessary, in the first place.

## Women's Clubs Ahoy!

THE OUTLOOK begs to nominate the City of Honolulu, in the Territory of Hawaii, as the location for the next Convention of the American Federation of Women's Clubs. Of course, it's none of our business where the Women's Clubs foregather, but we are quite certain that a visit to the islands would have a profound effect upon the delegates to such a convention, and that they would return to the mainland with a renewed courage to carry on the fight for civic and rural beauty, when they discovered that one Women's Club in Honolulu has accomplished work which no mainland club has, to our knowledge, been able to achieve.

To begin with, the islands are blessed with a scenic beauty of form, color, and atmosphere which exhausts the florid vocabulary of even the most enthusiastic advertising agent. In addition, the islands are blessed with public-spirited women who can see values that are bigger and better than immediate dollars.

One such woman was Mrs. Cherilla L. Lowry, first President of the Outdoor Circle of Honolulu, and its leader from 1912 until her death in 1917. The aims of the Outdoor Circle as they were first formulated are as follows:

1. To plant shade trees in streets.
2. To secure sidewalks and curbs.
3. To remove all old fences.

Keystone

**LOIE FULLER**

**Former American dancer and friend of Queen Marie of Rumania, who died in Paris on January 2. She had a long and distinguished stage career, and during the war worked tirelessly to win American sympathy for the cause of the Allies**

4. To rid the city of billboards.
5. To clean up vacant lots.
6. To get as much hibiscus planted as possible.
7. To park open spaces.
8. To establish playgrounds for children.
9. To conserve and develop the natural beauties of the landscape by encouraging the growth of native trees and shrubs, and the introduction of such new ones as belong to tropical life.

To travel through the Territory is to realize that many of these aims are well on the road to fulfillment. In particular, the cities, towns, and rural roads of the Territory are today absolutely free from outdoor advertising of all kinds. The beauty of a billboardless landscape is a difficult thing for mainlanders to comprehend without personal experience.

All billboards were banished from the Territory of Hawaii without legislative action, without official support of Government authorities, without illegal boycott, and without damage to the commercial interests of the islands.

### How They Did It

THE banishment of billboards from Hawaii was accomplished so tactfully and so thoroughly that any mainland firm which would attempt to reinvade the islands with billboards would find that its money was worse than thrown away.

The campaign against billboards was first carried on by the Outdoor Circle through the means of letters sent to advertisers. These letters urged them to withdraw their outdoor advertising from the islands, and explained that the people of Hawaii would appreciate such co-operation towards the preservation of the scenic beauty of the landscape.

Individual members, acting on their own initiative, made it clear that they preferred to buy products which were not sold through the medium of billboard advertising. A grocer taking the morning orders over the 'phone would receive a request for, let us say, a bag of flour. "Shall I send you Blank's flour?" he would ask. "Let me see," the householder would answer. "That is advertised on billboards, is it not?" "Yes," the grocer would answer. "Well, send me another brand." Constant pressure of this kind brought it about so that in 1921 there were but two local firms and three mainland firms still defacing the landscape with billboards and signs. The theatrical owners in Honolulu were one of the last of the local interests to surrender to an aroused public opinion. When they too succumbed, there was a dramatic ceremony in which the principal theatre owner was decorated, after the Hawaiian fashion, with a floral tribute of leis in recognition of his acknowledgment of the existence of a larger public interest.

Local advertising disappeared from billboards before the last of the mainland advertising was eliminated. Within the last year or so this too has disappeared. With the purchase of the one outdoor advertising agency in the Territory by the Outdoor Circle, the chapter of outdoor advertising was brought to a triumphal close.

Surely the growing stream of visitors from the mainland to the islands will carry home with them an awakened vision of what it means when the beauties of nature are dedicated solely to public enjoyment.

The Outdoor Circle has won the freedom of Hawaii from short-sighted commercialism.



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# Paying for the War

THE question that has bedeviled the relations of Europe and America ever since the Peace Conference, "Who is to pay the costs of four years of warfare?" is up actively again.

This time S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, has aroused the discussion. In his annual report for the year just ended he said that "neither the reparation problem nor the other problems depending upon it will be finally solved until Germany has been given a definite task to perform on her own responsibility."

France at once countered this reaffirmation of the American principle urged at the Peace Conference, that there should be a fixed sum for war damages. She declared that she was prepared to see a definite sum set, if the United States was prepared at the same time to readjust war debts proportionately. Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury Department in Washington, in turn reasserted the American contention that reparations and war debts are separate problems. And there, so far as official policies go, the matter rests. But public argument goes on here and abroad.

From Germany the cables carry a report that American and European bankers have been considering plans for the funding of all war obligations—reparations and debts alike—into one big international loan, to be based on German capacity to pay, sold to investors, and apportioned between the various claimant nations. The outlines of the suggested plan are too tentative for real consideration. But practically, the major part of the principal of any such loan would have to be raised by borrowing in the United States, and American lenders would take the place of the Allied and American Governments as collectors of damage and debt claims transformed into bonds.

The advantages of a funding of war obligations, if practicable, would lie in getting the problem of settlement reduced to more easily manageable terms and removing it from the sphere of intergovernmental politics. The objections, from the American point of view, would be against proposals to reduce payments on the war loans still further. Money borrowed in the United States, on the basis of credit created by the reparation and debt agreements, has served to support a great deal of economic activity in Europe—including Germany. Any scheme to cut down the war debts and reparations means an advantage to investors in these private postwar loans as against the taxpayers out of whose pockets the Government would have to draw income to pay interest and principal on the Liberty Loans. Further, it means that, to the extent debts might be reduced, the United States would pay the costs of the war. Naturally, only a fraction of the war cost is involved—that fraction represented in reparations and war debts. But it is clear that if the debts were cut down further without reduction of Allied shares in reparations from Germany, it would mean that we would pay instead of the Allies. And if the debts were cut down and Allied reparations from Germany were proportionately reduced, it would mean that we would pay instead of Germany. Neither way would the people of the United States be satisfied.

Would every one be better off? Some guess one way, some the other. An alternative, apparently, is the formation of huge industrial trusts in Europe aiming at competition in international trade with the United States. Some thirteen such combinations already exist. That is one of Europe's ways of raising the necessary money to pay reparations and debts, and some Americans fear its effects on business at home and abroad. But a Europe united economically in a more rational manner would be more prosperous; and the results, both in promotion of peace and trade, could hardly be all bad for the United States. That is the positive line along which a solution may be found.

# Paternalism and Prices

DOES the Government help the farmer by predicting the price of farm products? Secretary Jardine, of the Department of Agriculture, thinks that it does. But there are good reasons for thinking that it does not. Last September we reported in an article, accompanied by an editorial, the havoc caused by a prediction of a decline in cotton prices issued by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. It is true that the blunder of giving out price predictions without due knowledge and authority of the most responsible officials—the blunder that caused disaster last September—may not be repeated; but it is still argued that every farmer must of necessity form some judgment as to future prices as a basis for planning production and marketing, and that therefore price situation reports should continue to be issued by the Government. But price predictions are likely to be disastrous to the very people whom they are supposed to help. For one example, there are the cotton farmers. The great mass of those who produce four to ten bales apiece and do the actual work of producing them are not free agents. Countless thousands of them have to sign up for a certain number of acres to be planted in cotton before they can rent the land. They would have to sign up for this acreage no matter what their opinion might be as to future cotton prices. These farmers, moreover, have to sell their cotton on the early markets. Most of their cotton is out of their hands before Christmas. Past experience has proved that they need to have the money much sooner than they could have it by holding their produce throughout a long season. It is obvious such cotton farmers cannot be helped by future price predictions. Who, then, are helped? The cotton buyers. They have a margin of six to eight months in which to buy cotton. If they are assured that there is plenty of cotton and the price will go lower, they can wait about making their purchases. They can profit by price predictions at the expense of the cotton farmers.

The injury of price prediction, however, is not confined to the cotton farmers. Let us cite as another example the case of the growers of corn.

Let us suppose a corn grower judges that prices must inevitably advance. As a consequence he advises his tenants, A and B, to store their corn. A takes his advice; but B needs the money and sells his surplus. Suppose that on the day that the corn farmer gave his advice the Department had issued a prediction that corn prices were going to soar. B would not have sold. Other corn producers, many thousands of them, would not have sold. They would have shunted their hogs and cattle to market half fat in order to save corn. The supply of corn on hand at the end of the feeding season would have been close to normal—and corn prices would not have advanced.

Thus by an apparent anomaly the Government by predicting a price decline in cotton makes its prediction come true whether it would have come true otherwise or not; but by predicting a price advance prevents a price advance which would have come if the Department had said nothing.



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Springfield, Missouri

What is the answer? What can the Government do to help tenant B make the profit on his product which tenant A made? How can the Government give to everybody the benefit of its advice which both these tenants got from an unofficial and therefore less convincing source? The answer is probably that the Government cannot do much in the matter of advice of this sort, that in the very nature of things the attempt to give the advice brings, not benefit, but harm.

Certainly the people have the right to all the definite, positive, trustworthy information that their servants in the employ of the Government can give them; but when the people look to the Government for advice as to how they can carry on their business they are trying to shift a responsibility which they ought to bear themselves. The danger of paternalism is not primarily the danger of tyranny, but the danger of incompetence. A democratic government can be a good servant, but it can never be a good guardian.

# Our Troubles in Nicaragua

WHY should our marines be fighting Nicaraguans? Early last year, when the Liberals and Conservatives were engaged in bloody civil war, and our marines were maintaining neutral zones for the protection of foreigners, Colonel Henry L. Stimson succeeded in bringing the civil war to an end. Now the marines are engaged in fighting Nicaraguans. Sixteen marines have been killed and an unknown number—estimated at about five hundred—of the Nicaraguans have lost their lives. Eleven hundred and sixty-two more marines, of whom only fourteen are enlisted replacements, are on their way to reinforce those already there. What, it is naturally asked, does a pacification amount to which results in more fighting? It is no wonder the American people are puzzled.

One reason why they are puzzled is that the Government of the United States has failed to let the people know fully and frankly to what it has been committed. The intentions of the Administration in its Nicaraguan policy have been good; but its objectives do not seem to have been clear. Its policy in Nicaragua calls to mind the flute-player's lament: "I blow in so swe-e-et, and it comes out so ro-otten." It seems to have left the way open for attacks by such an orator as Heflin. It allows the public mind to remain in a state of confusion at the very time when interest in Latin-American affairs should be keenest. It leaves an unpleasant situation for our delegation at the Pan-American Conference in Havana to discuss without the backing of public sentiment in this country, and to be offset as best it can be by the flying visits of Lindbergh in Central America.

It is only fair to point out, however, that in its relations with Nicaragua the United States Government has arrived at a position in which it faces two dilemmas. Whether it could have avoided that position is not a question we shall discuss here, except to say that it has reached it in part as a consequence of what former Administrations have done. But the dilemmas are there.

In the first place, when the United States, through Colonel Henry L. Stimson, induced the Conservative Government and the Liberal rebels alike to lay down their arms it assumed certain obligations. It could not have induced the Conservatives to yield without assuring them of some means to control insurrection. It could not have induced the Liberals to yield without assuring them that they would not suffer from the armed forces of the Nicaraguan Government. It induced both sides to yield by assuring them that it would help organize a Nicaraguan constabulary, that it would supervise the election in 1928 by means of Americans with ample police power, and that for the time being it would continue a sufficient force of marines to make its promises effective. One of the generals under the Liberal revolutionist Moncada refused to abide by the agreement. This man, Sandino, whom his former commander, Moncada, describes as having "dedicated his time to murdering his enemies, both Conservatives and Liberals," gathered about him a band of outlaws for his depredations near the Honduran border. The Nicaraguan Government cannot suppress him because it has yielded control of its forces. The United States cannot turn the business of suppressing Sandino over to the Nicaraguan Government without being false to its promises to the Liberals. It has not yet had time to organize the Nicaraguan constabulary, and must use what forces it has. By pursuing Sandino it invites criticism at home. By abandoning the duty it has undertaken it would invite the just reproaches of both Liberals and Conservatives in Nicaragua.

This dilemma is really one in appearance rather than in reality. Between incurring criticism at home for fulfilling an obligation and incurring reproach abroad for repudiating that obligation there should be no hesitation in making a choice. In fact, we think there has been none. And there was very little, if any, choice between incurring that obligation and avoiding it. The United States had either to commit itself to the maintenance of order in Nicaragua or to let the destructive civil war go on. The obligation was one which a strong country should be glad to incur for the sake of peace and humanity.

The other dilemma concerns all of Latin America. Because of our interest and rights in the Isthmus European countries look to us for the protection of their citizens resident in Central America, and especially in Nicaragua. We cannot ignore their demands without abandoning our special position, and not even Nicaragua wants us to do that. But when we do take measures for the protection of our own citizens and other foreigners, South American republics grow suspicious and the very European countries that have asked for our intervention, taking advantage of our unpopularity in those South American countries, profit in their trade with them. Which shall we do—cultivate our trade in South America at the expense of our position in the Isthmus, or maintain our position at the gateway between the East and the West, with the approval of the Isthmian countries, at the expense of our trade with South America?

If our Government has not been frank in stating its policy to the American people, it is perhaps because it is not clear itself how it can deal with these dilemmas. It should be clear with regard to the first. Having incurred an obligation, it should hold to it; but it should have found some way to make clear to the American people what the obligation was at the time it was incurred. In regard to the second, concerning America's Isthmian policy, the Government's course may have been equally clear to itself, but it has not been made clear to the people of the country. In a nation with a responsible parliament, like Great Britain's, in which the executive is represented, the government has a means of authoritatively stating its policy in answers to questions from the floor. Lacking such means, an American Administration should take special pains to explain in some other way its policies to the people.



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# Life and Death and Giants

## Miniatures from the News

*By* IBBY HALL

THE animal kingdom is breaking into the news. London has been troubled by floods this winter, and last month sent to this country a strange story of an army of rats. As homelike cellars and familiar haunts became too damp for the comfort of any self-respecting rat, the army, acting almost as though it had received a secret signal, evacuated its summer and autumn quarters and filled the streets. Those who watched declared that the rats fell into regular military formation, directed and led by one old rat, larger than the others and distinguished for his scars and whiskers.

The sight was so uncanny, and the rats so desperate, that no bystander felt like interfering. Dogs were sicked on the army, only to fall back with tails between their legs. Before the startled and fearsome eyes of those who watched the army moved on through the streets, into the outlying roads towards the country. Whether the old rat had been in his youth another Dick Whittington, or had grown fond of country excursions, no one will ever know. In any event, there is a wood outside London that was somehow familiar to his senses, and into this wood he led his fleeing forces.

As the army of rats disappeared into the underbrush, small boys and yapping dogs felt brave once more. All during the afternoon, with sticks and cries of excitement, they beat the woods and routed out a number of victims; but the scarred and bewhiskered general was not seen again. He had escaped with the larger part of his army to new havens of security.

THIS month New York matches London, but with a gentler story from the world of birds and beasts. It seems that feathered hawks can prey on city streets as well as on the countryside. Lately a hawk has chosen the East Side of the city for the sake of the pigeons which make their home there.

The other day, a homing pigeon that had recently made the trip from South Carolina to its master on Second Avenue, was attacked by the hawk and badly injured in one wing. The struggling bird made its escape westward. Over towards Fifth Avenue, through the traffic, and on towards Broadway, the pigeon made its way by foot, dragging its wounded wing. Naturally, it was lost sight of by the hawk. But the pigeon took no chances. Arrived at the porters' entrance of the Hotel Algonquin, it paused, entered the building, and made its way down the corridor to a small anteroom. Through the aid of a porter who noticed the wounded wing, it finally reached the proprietor of the hotel.

The proprietor and his wife have set a new record for their profession. The pigeon was nursed and fed, its master was traced through a bird-fancier, and now it is safe and well again in its own home.

> Life, and death, and giants
> Such as these, are still. . . .
> Minor apparatus, hopper of the mill,
> Beetle at the candle,
> Or a fife's small fame,
> Maintain by accident
> That they proclaim.
>
> —EMILY DICKINSON.

TWENTY years ago a young man from the Middle West entered a brokerage firm in Wall Street. It was a successful firm that did a large business in stocks and bonds, that held a seat on the Stock Exchange, and displayed the young man's name prominently in letters of gold. One day it was all of that; the next, it went into bankruptcy for over $300,000.

The father of the young broker was a successful printer, whose fortune was variously estimated, but he didn't choose to do much of anything about the failure of his son. The creditors received 27 cents on the dollar, and in time recovered, presumably, from their loss of faith and funds.

The young man didn't do very much about it. There is no record that he expressed any apologies, or regrets, or future intentions; nor, apparently, did he waste words on explanations.

But twenty years have gone by, and in this New Year's week the same young man, grown twenty years older, now the inheritor of his father's business and the president of his own joint business, has mailed checks mounting towards one million dollars to every creditor, or his heirs, of that original firm. The bankruptcy proceedings were considered honorable, the law had absolved him from any blame or responsibility; but this man seemed indifferent to any conception of honor save one, and that his own. In his one comment he assures humanity that he is making no rule for any one else. It was only necessary for him to act as seemed right to himself.

One is somehow reminded of another American, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, in dire need, accepted at one time a purse made up by friends. Years later, when he was Minister to England, he repaid this gift with his hardly accumulated savings. It would not have been right, he wrote to those same friends, to have consoled himself at the time of the gift by promises of repayment.

A TINY news item gives only the last curtain of a long-drawn-out tragedy. Little can be guessed of the first acts, but it is evident that here was another pair more successful in holding to their marriage than in solving life financially. So life with its hard needs finally managed to separate them. They were evidently people of breeding and education, they were not young any longer; they had to find some means by which they could live, so the wife went West while the husband stayed East with the single intention of finding work.

The husband lived with relatives, and from this temporary home he made his rounds of the city with unbelievable disappointment and disaster. One day the postman left a letter for him. His sister-in-law took it upstairs and knocked on the door of his room—knocked, and then opened the door. Inside, upon the bed, with a pistol in his hand and a bullet in his brain, lay the man.

Some one opened the letter later on and found it had come from the dead man's wife. In it she begged him to hurry across the continent. Through unheard-of luck in real estate she had made herself a fortune. At last they could be together again.



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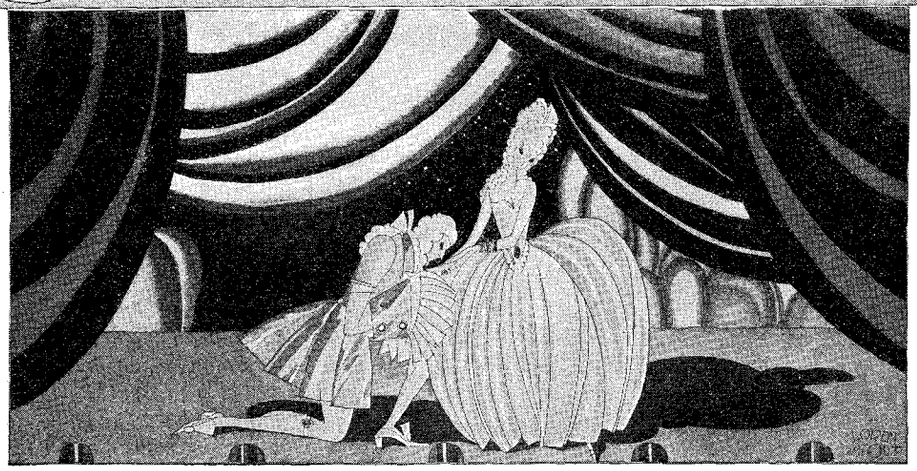
# Lights Down



*A Review of the Stage*

A GREAT many people in New York are going these nights to see George Kelly's newest play, "Behold, the Bridegroom," and a good many of them, we venture to say, are coming away considerably puzzled.

For Mr. Kelly is well known from "The Show-Off" and "Craig's Wife" as an excellent playwright of the realistic school. He has an uncanny ability for choosing the significant detail in character and a sure appreciation of what it is in a play that holds an audience's attention. Because of this, perhaps, he is holding his audiences in his new play even though, at the same time, he is puzzling them.

The reason is not far to seek. "Behold, the Bridegroom" is primarily a psychological play about a girl of our so-called upper classes who has played fast and loose with her life until she meets a self-made man, with whom she genuinely falls in love, but whom she fails to interest. Her realization of her failure to secure the one man she has ever really wanted—though she has lived with many—produces a sense of unworthiness in her and causes her to revalue her entire life. Faced with the truth about herself, she cannot stand the picture which she sees, and the overwhelming inferiority that results kills her. Her illness is diagnosed as beyond the power of medicine to alleviate and is viewed by the doctors as that mysterious malady, love-sickness, for which there is no cure.

The further facts are that since childhood she has been motherless—her mother died when she was a year old—and she has always admired and idealized her father. It has never occurred to her that he would ever marry again, although he is barely fifty. Almost immediately before she meets the man with whom she falls in love she learns that her father is about to marry again. In the entire course of the play, she meets the man, for love of whom she dies, only two or three times—all of them purely social occasions. When she is dying, her father, upon the advice of the doctors, asks this man to come to see her, in the hope that his presence will work some change. She asks this man to wear again the flower that he wore in his buttonhole when she first saw him, and which caused her to exclaim, "Behold, the Bridegroom!" Seeing him once again as she saw him the first time, she dies, averring that she was not ready when the bridegroom appeared. Whereupon the man says that perhaps he also was not ready and that such a thing may not come his way again—and there you are!

Where?

Well, this observer cannot help feeling that Mr. Kelly has presented a pathological case and that it will be just as well for the man if such a thing never does come his way again. This seems evident when one considers the affair—her refusals to marry, although she takes men for superficial physical affairs (married, usually!); her emotions when she learns that her father is to possess another woman and cast her aside; her transference of her fixation to an ideal man; and then, rather than make any effort to win this man's love or face reality, her preference to see him once more as her ideal and then die.

To our mind, the trouble is that Mr. Kelly has reproduced his story with great fidelity and power. And as played by Judith Anderson, there is a suspense and a power in the drama that goes beyond its faults. Mr. Kelly's handling of his theme holds his audience precisely as any mystery play or strange psychic situation grips anybody.

And yet, when all is done, it is as if he had portrayed a mystery whose solution he did not possess. Because of his wonderful talent for reproducing life, he has conveyed to his audience all the drama of his story—but as if he himself did not in the least understand the forces that produced it.

Certainly it is obvious that to draw a Victorian moral from such a situation is absurd. Which is just what his characters do. The wages of sin are death. Is it, then, not a play of mystery—a play of human character wherein the psychic factors are a mystery? Does Mr. Kelly himself consider it merely a story which carries a moral?

The most striking thing is that the people concerned are supposedly very intelligent. Yet they seem never to have heard of Dr. Brill or of any psychologist or psychoanalyst. Of course, if a psychologist had been called in, there might have been no play. But the present result is like a piece of voodoo business—almost as if Mr. Kelly had "gone" Eugene O'Neil, but had as his ability only Sinclair Lewis's talent for photographic realism.

It is possible that the saving grace of the whole business is that this is precisely what Mr. Kelly intended; and that he himself shares none of the Victorian misapprehensions of his characters, and so, rising far above them, is able to present their tragedy without once hinting that he himself understands the causes back of it.

If so, he has done himself proud.

F. R. B.



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# Musical Impressions

*By* EUGENE BONNER

THE season of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, seems to have encouraged the more modern disciples of that august lady of Mount Parnassus, be she Euterpe, Terpsichore, Polyhymnia, or Calliope, who has music and musicians under her high protection, to make what seemed to be a concerted attack on this community, which, say what you will, is still more than a little reluctant to accept the music of the more modern, or, as some would rather style it, the ultra-modern school. Whatever the motive, be it the spirit of the season or just plain itch, some of us are profoundly grateful for three particularly interesting concerts proffered us during the Christmas week.

The New School for Social Research, way over in West Twenty-third Street near the river, led off with a "Concert of Modern Music" arranged by Aaron Copland. The School has a good though small concert hall, admirably suited to the type of program given on this special occasion, a program made up of compositions by Krenek, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Cowell, Ravel, Webern, and Copland.

Any one who has attended the Wiener Concerts at the Salle des Agriculteurs, in Paris, would have found here very much the same atmosphere of interest coupled with a lack of self-consciousness not often found in this city. Perhaps being not so far distant from the steamship piers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique has something to do with it.

A "Concerto for Violin and Piano," by Ernest Krenek, played by Barbara Lull and Aaron Copland, started the proceedings. The Concerto is in one movement, and, while absolutely modern in treatment, is well-balanced as to construction, lucid, and most effective, and for that reason can be forgiven a somewhat too whimsical ending—an ending which did not seem to be in keeping with the dignity of the rest of the work. Miss Lull handled the very difficult violin part most capably, while Mr. Copland accomplished wonders at the piano.

Interest centered, however, in the Eight Songs from "Das Marienleben" of Paul Hindemith. This song cycle is in the most characteristic manner of Hindemith, who, in the opinion of many, is now ranked as Germany's most interesting contemporary composer. The cycle consists of sixteen poems by the famous Czechoslovakian poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, who died last year, which form a chain of incidents in the life of the Virgin Mary from her birth to her death, ascension, and reception into heaven.

Hereafter, each week, Eugene Bonner —musician, composer, and critic—is going to give us news and criticisms on affairs in the musical world. New operas, new experiments, happenings of note—all will be reported in these pages. It will give us an intelligent view of a subject which has been too much neglected in a country so passionately devoted to music in all its forms—from jazz to grand opera.

The songs, or rather the eight of them given on this occasion, were extremely interesting from the point of view of musical construction and at times were most effective, though whether the composer was altogether happy in suiting this music to the moods of the poems is quite another story. The modern manner is entirely capable of handling such a subject without resorting to some of the strained effects used by Hindemith on several occasions. The "Birth of Mary" and the "Pietá" seemed more in the mood of the poems than the other settings, though there were moments of great beauty in the "Resting-Place on the Flight to Egypt." The final number, "Of Mary Dead," in which the angel is telling Thomas of her ascent into heaven, is a splendid and jubilant thing, but, so far from suggesting celestial glories, it seemed rather to hymn joys terrestrial, and of the Dark Continent at that.

However, and with all allowance for differences of opinion pro and con, "Das Marienleben" is a valuable addition to contemporary music and is well worth a good many more hearings, as, say what one will, the modern idiom is in many cases so very intricate that simply hearing the music once or twice is not enough—it must be studied. Greta Torpadie sang the extraordinarily difficult vocal parts with authority, and in this case that means more than it would seem, while Aaron Copland appeared to have no difficulty in negotiating the complexities of the piano accompaniments.

Followed a group of Piano Compositions by Henry Cowell played by himself. (Has any one else tried to do them yet?) There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Cowell has brought forward a new type of piano-playing that has enormous possibilities; what with smacking whole bunches of notes with the length of his forearm and whanging the strings as if he were playing a huge zither, he does get new effects. Like all strange and bizarre effects, they get monotonous after a while, but that doesn't signify that there aren't great possibilities dormant, though that is scarcely the word to use in this connection, as there's nothing "dormant" in the vicinity when Mr. Cowell cuts loose. All the same, we should like to hear some compositions of his for piano and full orchestra.

The Stravinsky "Serenade for Piano," consisting of four short movements, while well enough played by Carl Buchman, was perhaps the least interesting item on the evening's menu. A simple Berceuse of Ravel, four whimsical piecelets of Webern, and a Nocturne and Serenade by Aaron Copland, all for violin and piano and played by Miss Lull and Mr. Copland, composed the final group. The Nocturne, coming immediately after the Webern numbers, seemed almost reactionary, but Mr. Copland speedily redeemed himself with a delightful larky Serenade, which brought to a close one of the most interesting concerts heard so far this season.

EVA GAUTHIER came forward the following night at the Town Hall with another one of her unusual programs. Here is a singer who is not only a fine artist, but a most interesting personality as well, who goes to great pains to unearth rarely heard old music as well as



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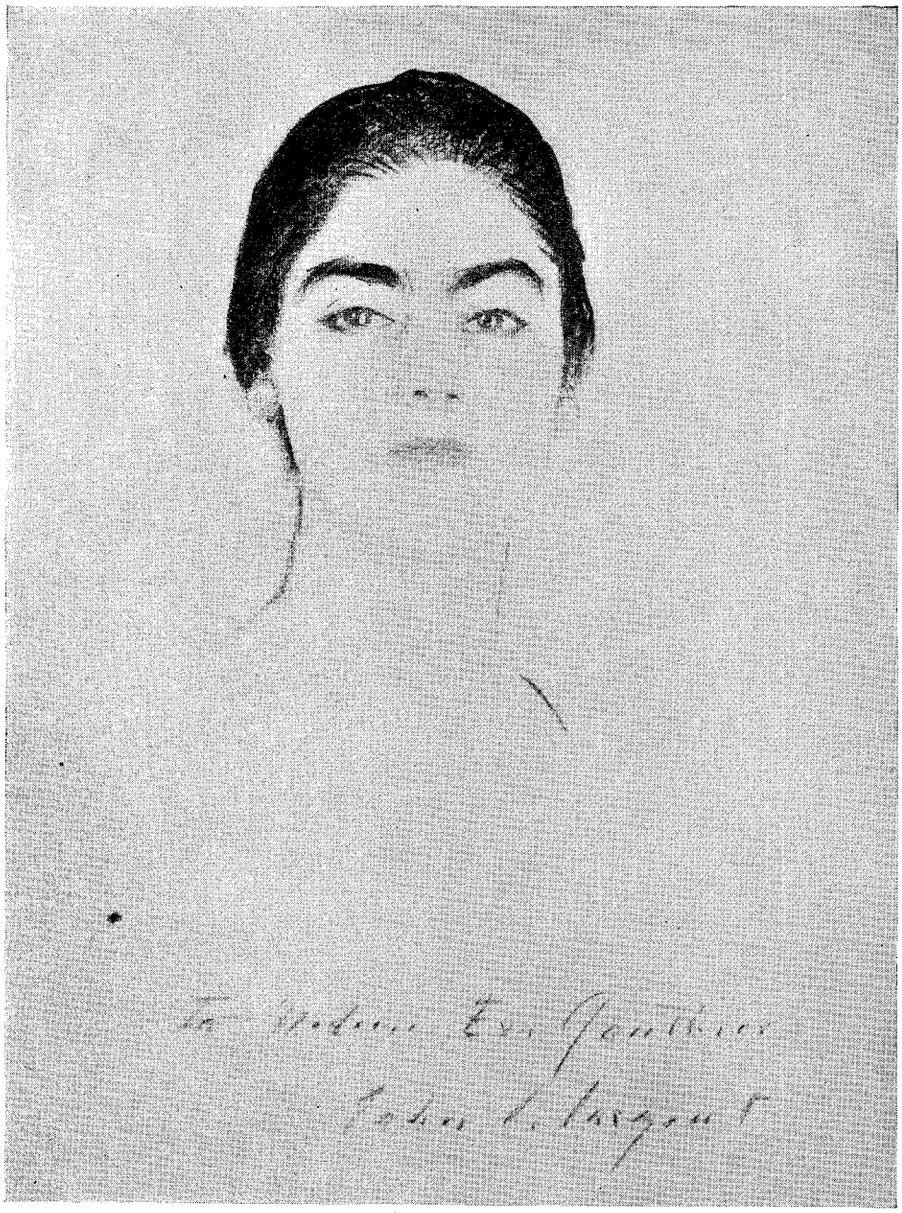

**Eva Gauthier, from the drawing by John S. Sargent**

to bring forward many of the compositions of the young modern group, the latter a not altogether thankful task, as American audiences as a rule resent, and resent bitterly, any attempt on the part of any musician—singer, pianist, or conductor—to get them to listen to the new music. Mme. Gauthier has not weakened so far in her good endeavors in this line, though she mixes them in with a good deal of the less modern, in an effort, perhaps, to gild the pill.

The singer's program on this occasion was calculated to suit all tastes—that is, unless you'd come to hear German *Lieder,* in which case you were sunk. Starting with the "Tu se' morta" from the "Orfeo" of Monteverde and two other airs by the same composer, sung to harpsichord accompaniment, she sang her way through a group of classic Spanish songs, a group of new American songs, and ended up with "Some Old and New French and Spanish Songs."

The Debussy group and the "Rêves" of Maurice Ravel were sung simply and with understanding, while, of the American songs, "The Poet's Vision," by Henry Eicheim, and Henry Cowell's setting of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "There She Lies" were particularly well done. In fact, Mme. Gauthier sang throughout with the artistic discrimination and good taste that characterize all her work and make any recital she gives well worthy of attention.

THE next evening the League of Composers had its say, and, to better elucidate its position, decided to contrast the new music with the ancient and thereby show that, after all, the young moderns aren't half as crazy as the more conservative musical element would have it thought. The program, made up of organ and vocal music, ranged from sixteenth-century composers of Italy and Holland to American and German writers of the present day.

It seems extraordinary that music, having reached the high stage of harmonic and contrapuntal development in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, could have retrograded to such an extent that the masterpieces of such composers as Luca Marenzio and Carlo Gesualdo were neglected and forgotten for over two centuries and but for the patient research of present-day scholars would have probably been lost to the world forever. The "Solo e pensoso" of Marenzio is of particular interest, for in this madrigal are foreshadowed the harmonies used by Wagner nearly three hundred years later, though it is highly improbable that Wagner ever saw this work or even heard the name of the composer. This and the "Tu m'uccidi" of Gesualdo were undoubtedly the most interesting numbers of the ancient group on the program.

Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, a scion of one of the ancient Sicilian families, was not only a great composer, but a murderer as well, having slaughtered his wife and her lover in good old Renaissance fashion, which tragedy, it is said, overshadowed his whole life and art. The form of his madrigals, according to Philip Heseltine in his study of Gesualdo, "is almost invariably conditioned by verbal antitheses. . . . Slow, strange progressions of chords and short, heart-rending cries of melody are reserved for the expression of grief, suffering and thoughts of death. . . . In short Gesualdo was a composer of extraordinary genius, whose works still live, in the fullest sense of the word, as the vivid and passionate expression of a strange personality."

Of the contemporary works, the two organ numbers of Roger Sessions, simple, direct, and conveying a mood of calm introspection, were quite satisfactorily performed by Joseph Yasser, while Greta Torpadie, accompanied by Aaron Copland, repeated six of the eight songs from Hindemith's "Marienleben" that she had sung two nights before at the New School for Social Research. The Solo Unit of the Choral Symphony Society of New York sang the ancient madrigals and the modern "Landsknechtstrinklied" of Paul Hindemith under the expert and sympathetic direction of Willem Mengelberg.



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# Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

OUTCRIES of alarm are probably to be expected—both in Latin America and the United States—over the fact that the Mexican Minister of Finance has turned for consultation on the economic reconstruction of Mexico to the Ambassador of the United States, Dwight W. Morrow. Mr. Morrow has not only been an international banker, but a Morgan partner, and he went to Mexico City straight from the shady purlieus of Wall Street. That, of course, will make it seem to some people terrible that Mexico should be consulting him on financial matters—and to others, the most hopeful sign in our relations with Mexico. For Mr. Morrow is at once one of the most expert and liberal-minded of financiers.

Mexico is emerging from twenty years of revolution and disorganization. Her most urgent need is to revive her national income. Her decision to recognize the rights of foreign oil companies is one step in this direction, for an important part of her revenue came from her petroleum tax. Further, the claims of former landholders whose property was taken under the terms of her law nationalizing the soil remain to be cleared up. The treatment of both of these questions will affect her credit abroad.

New credit is apparently what Mexico must have. Her income for the present year is estimated at about 290,000,000 pesos, and her expenses at about 260,000,000. At the same time, the moratorium that has deferred for two years her difficulties with her debts is ending, and she faces debt charges of over 117,000,000 pesos. That means a serious deficit, and so complicated are Mexico's debts that her Government is said not to know exactly how much she owes.

Señor de la Fuente, Chief of the Mexican Department of Credit, has come to New York to negotiate for a new adjustment of terms of debt settlement with the International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, headed by Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan & Co. The relation between these conferences and the conversations of the Finance Minister with Ambassador Morrow in Mexico City is obvious. And the initiative Mr. Morrow has taken to establish a new cordial feeling between Mexico and the United States shows that a vigorous effort is under way to reach a working solution of the problems which have held the two nations apart.

LINDBERGH has opened the way for air communication with Mexico. Since January, 1924, the Administration has had an embargo on shipments of aircraft and aircraft equipment across the border. Now Secretary Kellogg has announced that the Department of State is prepared to give requests for permission of shipments favorable consideration. The decision makes possible the establishment of American air lines south of the Rio Grande.

WHEN is a war not a war? "When it's not aggressive," M. Briand, French Foreign Minister, might answer.

Secretary Kellogg replied to his proposal of a treaty outlawing war between France and the United States by suggesting a treaty open to all nations, renouncing war as a means of national policy and substituting arbitration. (Mr. Kellogg excepted questions affecting the Monroe Doctrine, and reserved acceptance of any arbitral decision to the Senate; but so old and tried a statesman as M. Briand must have expected that.) The French diplomat countered by accepting the American plan "in principle" and requesting that it be made to apply specifically to wars of aggression. He urged further that the United States and France should sign a treaty at once without waiting for others. He assumed that Secretary Kellogg could not mean to debar wars for self-defense.

Paris is concerned about the effect of the American scheme on her agreements under the League of Nations Covenant to aid in preventing wars and punishing aggressors. Her reply, consequently, is a move to bring the American program into line with the League accord.

Washington is reluctant to do what Paris wants. Possible embarrassments are involved in a special agreement with one nation. And still greater difficulties are foreseen in denouncing a nation as an aggressor. Should Geneva or Washington do it?

The trouble seems to be that we Americans are internationally simple-minded. When we say a war we mean a war, and to us an engagement not to make war seems enough. But Europeans, more versed in the ways of a wily world, want a statement of what kind of war we mean, what will constitute that kind of war, and—if possible—what we will do if some nation breaks its word and goes on the prohibited war-path. That is asking more of the Senate than any one has yet been able to get it to do.

The great significance in all the negotiation is the fact that the United States has actually offered to enter into an agreement with other Powers to prohibit war. That alone is enough to amaze Europe—and to mark a long step forward.

AMERICANS have lent more money privately abroad than is owed to the United States in war debts. The whole amount of capital advanced to foreign governments and industries, says the Department of Commerce, amounted at the end of 1927 to about thirteen billion dollars. This is exclusive of the sum of about ten billion dollars of war debts owed to the United States by the Allied nations.

Furthermore, the past year saw a new record for foreign loans offered in the United States of almost $1,600,000,000. Four times before—in 1916, and successively in 1924, 1925, and 1926—flotations of foreign loans have risen above the billion-dollar level. Note that each year for the past four years that mark has been passed. And consider that official experts predict for the year which is ahead an even greater borrowing of American money for use overseas.

If any one wonders whether we can be an isolated nation, those figures are the answer. We are getting more and more interested in other nations, more and more concerned in their welfare, every year.

Our total investment abroad of course includes the American hemisphere and Asia as well as Europe. But if she keeps on, Europe will have secured from individual Americans within a few years as much as she is called upon to repay to the United States Government in more than half a century.



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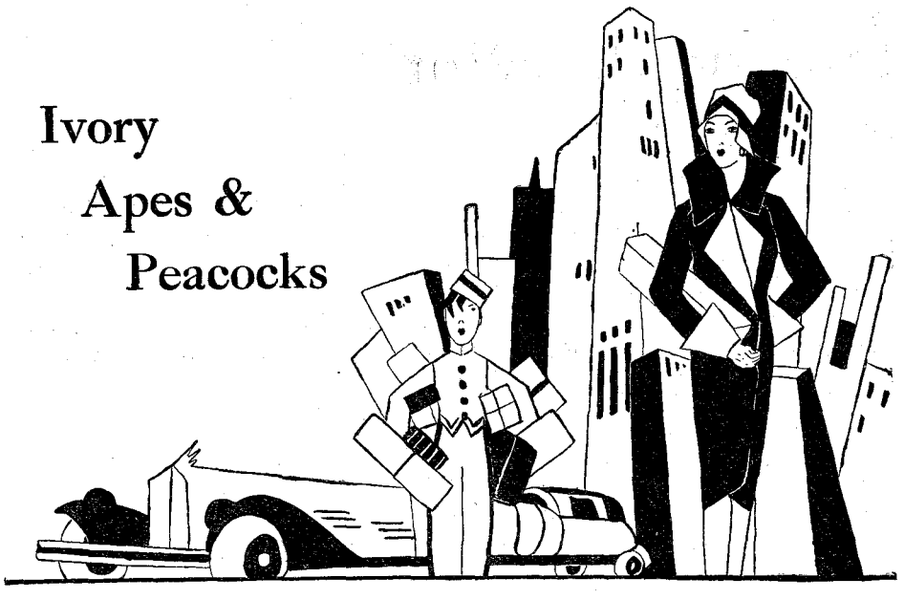
# Ivory Apes & Peacocks



**The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living**

The genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

IN our early youth we used to slide down the front stairs on an enormous tea-tray, which had as a decoration, if we remember rightly, a Biblical scene in brilliant colors, with palm trees and camels and patriarchs in gay robes. Once we tried the back stairs, which were uncarpeted, but met with noisy disaster on the hairpin turn, halfway down. However, that is another story. What we wished to say was that, possibly as a result of our fondness for this winter sport, we have always liked brightly decorated trays, and we saw some the other day which it seemed to us would please even those who have never gone in for tea-tray coasting.[1] They are of heavy metal, hand-made and decorated—a revival, really, of an art that was developed in the early years of the nineteenth century—particularly, we believe, in France. There are trays of all shapes and sizes, from the tea and breakfast trays down to cocktail and sugar-and-cream sizes, and the designs of flowers or fruit or odd old-fashioned scenes reproduce faithfully the spirit of the French originals from which they drew their inspiration.

From the same shop come a number of other decorated metal articles. All of this, by the way, is known as *tôle,* which your French dictionary will tell you means sheet-iron. The scrap-baskets are good looking, and heavy enough to stand some wear. One of them is made to stand in a corner, and looks from the top like the quarter of a circle—if you know what we mean. There are wall sconces, and sugar-scoop candlesticks, and book-ends, and water-tight wall-pockets for flowers and vases, and cake and cigarette boxes, and desk sets, and watering-pots, and flower-pot holders, and there are fireside sets, consisting of screen, tray, bellows, and coal-hod, all in one design.

Besides the *tôle,* there are some very good reproductions and adaptations of old brass. And there's a chestnut roaster, which is a box with a perforated lid at the end of a long handle.

[1] Hall House.

WE had something to say a month or so ago about the ugliness of steam and hot-water radiators, and the necessity for concealing them. We have recently come across a radiator[2] which takes up amazingly little room for the amount of heat it gives, and which consequently is much easier to conceal than the old upright monstrosities. The amount of heat a radiator will give out—other things, such as furnace men, being equal—is governed by the radiating surface which it has. The sections of this radiator are of brass, and have a great many thin brass fins attached to them at right angles. We are not a plumber, and have neither the desire nor the knowledge to be technical about this, but it is plain to us that by this arrangement there is a great deal of radiating surface in a very small space. One of these radiators is said to be one-fifth the size and one-fifth the weight of an old-fashioned radiator giving the same amount of heat.

The sections can be connected either side by side or one above the other, to fit most conveniently into the space. A space in the wall four inches deep, a foot high, and 70 inches long will accommodate 100 square feet of radiation. You can shut them completely out of sight, with a grille below to admit the air and another above to discharge it when it is heated. For the bathroom a special unit has been devised which can be set in behind the lavatory, where it is out of the way and occupies very little room. In a hall the radiator can be installed under the stairs, with a grille in the first riser and another in the third.

This company has also devised a steam radiator which works from an ordinary electric-light socket, and can be moved around the house. There are several types and sizes, one of which fits into a small cabinet on casters. In a climate such as that of Florida, where houses have no heating plants, yet where there are frequently chilly days when you shiver and shiver and can't do anything about it, such radiators would be extremely valuable. Even farther north there are plenty of spring and fall days before the furnace has got into action, when living-rooms and dining-rooms, and particularly bathrooms, could easily be made comfortable in a few minutes with one of these contrivances. They're mechanically controlled, too, so that you don't have to watch them. All you do is put in a little water and turn on the switch.

[2] Robras 20–20.

A RANGE that operates from a floor or base plug has also been brought out. This has two ovens, one for cooking, the other for broiling and baking. It takes up about the same space as a filing cabinet, and will also give a supply of hot water without the use of additional current.

IF you have ever had trouble running an electric cord from a base plug under rugs to a lamp or radio in another part of the room, you would do well to investigate the flat, rubber-insulated extension cord which is now on the market. Your rug will lie flat over it, and won't wear. One end of the cord has a receptacle for a standard plug, the other is fitted with a special soft rubber plug which won't break or crush.

W. R. B.



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# The Street of Finance

## A Weekly Review of the High Lights of Wall Street

*By* THOMAS H. GAMMACK

WIDE, exciting fluctuations in foreign currencies such as occurred daily during the three or four years subsequent to the Armistice and which have not been unknown more recently are things of the past. The Spanish peseta is now the only important exchange to furnish a playground for the speculator, and the present year probably will see all the leading currencies firmly anchored to a solid basis.

Lithuania and Latvia stabilized in 1922; Austria, in 1923; Germany, Sweden, and Estonia, in 1924; Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, the Free Port of Danzig, and Albania, in 1925; Finland and Belgium, in 1926; and Denmark, Bulgaria, Poland, and Italy, in 1927.

France, Japan, Spain, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Portugal, Greece, Rumania, and Turkey are not yet officially stabilized. The first four of these ten should be in the fold, for various reasons, before the end of the year. About the other six no one can be sure, but they are of minor interest. Their foreign trade is small and their political situations are so obscure and so subject to violent changes that their currencies offer little attraction to the speculator.

The French franc and the Norwegian crown could be stabilized easily tomorrow if the controlling Governments saw fit. The former has been selling at virtually the same price for the past year and the latter is less than half a cent from parity. Japan, whose plans for the restoration of sound money were wrecked by the earthquake in 1924 and again by a financial crisis last winter, will return to a gold basis as soon as its banking system goes through a reorganization process, which should be completed by next autumn. Spain is not and never has been heavily in debt, and once political tranquillity is assured, the gap of two cents which now separates the price of the peseta from par could be and will be closed.

Currency depreciation is a country's easiest and in some cases its only practical defense against such a tremendous financial strain as was thrown on the belligerents and some of the neutrals during the war. When the depreciation is made permanent, it becomes a form of taxation, even of confiscation. A government, in effect, says to the holders of its obligations, currency as well as bonds, We have taken 25, 50, or perhaps 100 per cent of the money we owed you and used it to pay our swollen bills. France, for instance, by revaluing the franc, which was worth 20 cents in 1914, at 4 cents, would cancel 80 per cent of all its franc obligations; Germany, by allowing the old mark to become worthless, wiped out its internal debt completely.

But, whatever the justification for abandoning the gold standard, the experience of Europe after the war shows how onerous are the handicaps of a fluctuating currency. Because the value of promises to pay rises and falls with the value of the currency, trade becomes dangerously speculative; budgets, both national and private, are meaningless; and, when further depreciation is in sight, the incentive for saving is greatly diminished. When the value of its money is falling and prices are consequently rising, a country frequently enjoys spurious prosperity and faces the temptation of continuing inflation indefinitely, but no wise government delays stabilization any longer than it has to.

The problem then arises as to the level of stabilization. Shall the value of the currency be restored to what it was before the disaster or shall it be fixed at a lower level? The latter alternative is the cheaper for the government, but the former, which was the choice of Great Britain, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, means the purchase of prestige which may pay large dividends in the future. In some cases, of course, a country has gone so far on the road of depreciation that it cannot retrace all its steps. This was true of Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy.

Great Britain, the most notable example of a country which decided to stablize its currency at its pre-war level, paid a high price for this prestige. It pushed the pound sterling from its low point of $3.19 back to par, which is about $4.88, thereby increasing its internal debt some 40 per cent and forcing on the country the trade depression that almost inevitably results from deflation. J. M. Keynes and other economists with a popular following attacked the Government vigorously for this policy, but Great Britain is on its feet again and its people undoubtedly are glad that the pound was restored to its old place.

Because the coal strike hit the country immediately after revalorization was completed, the benefits that result ordinarily from stabilization were dashed away. In the case of Germany and Belgium, however, these benefits were very plain. The old mark was abandoned and the new reichsmark installed in the summer of 1924. This is what

*(Continued on page 113)*

For many years The Outlook has conducted in connection with this department—which is intended primarily to present an intelligent discussion of what is going on in the financial world—an advice-to-subscribers service.

A new policy, however, is now being followed. The Outlook believes that intelligent people nowadays properly seek advice concerning their investments from their local banker or the representatives of the reputable investment houses in their city or town. It does not believe that it is the function of a magazine to give definite financial advice. It considers that the question of how to invest your money has become a specialized field which no longer lies within the proper province of this magazine.

If there are any of our readers who are not easily able to consult a banker or investment house representative, The Outlook will be glad to direct them to the proper sources of information, and, if desired, turn their inquiries over to such specialists as we consider dependable and trustworthy.



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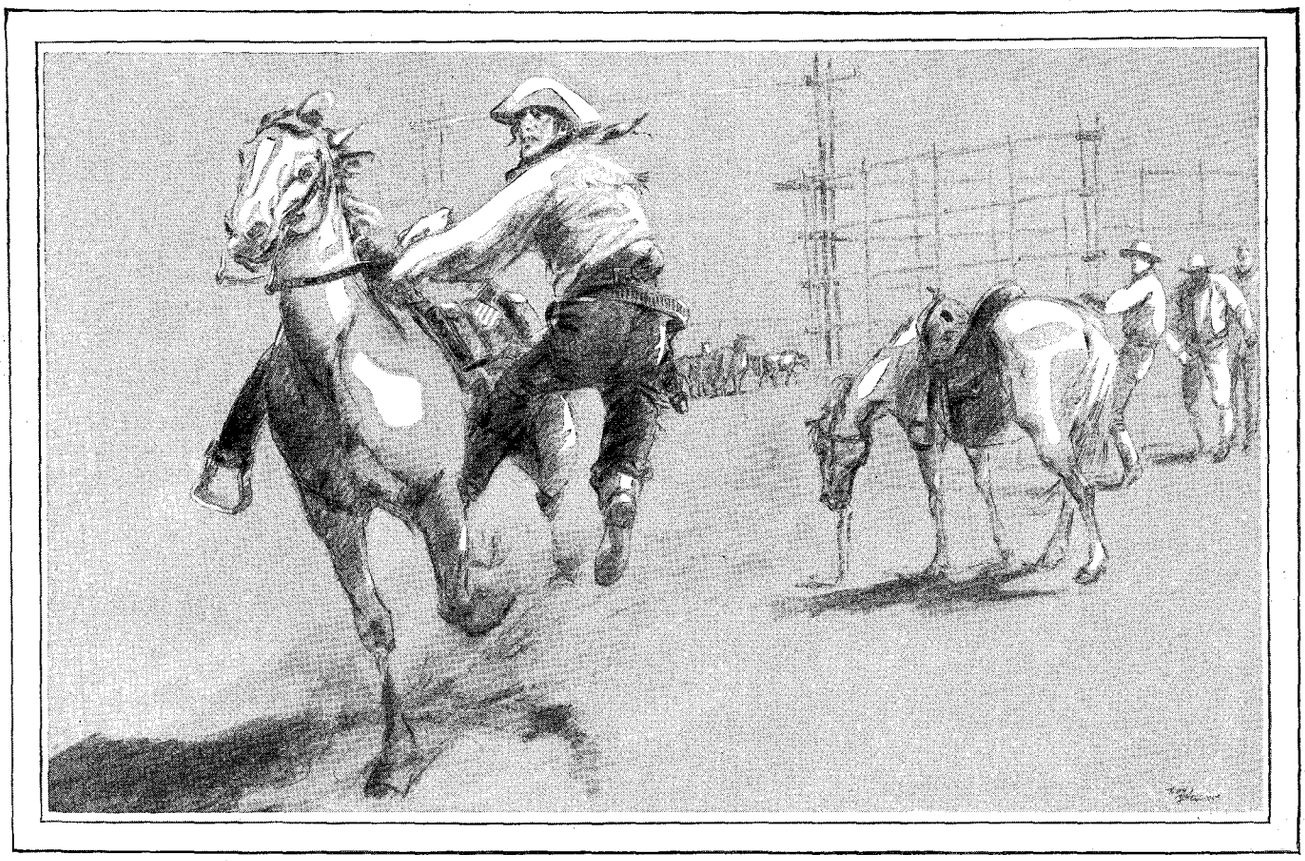

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# Tell Me a Story

## Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

In almost every family there is one favorite story which is an unwritten classic. It is usually the invention of one of the parents, and is sometimes passed on with variations to each succeeding younger generation. In their way, these stories are like the folk-tales of the Negroes, which Joel Chandler Harris retold under the title of "Uncle Remus."

ROSE was next-to-the-biggest of the O'Neill family, and there were many O'Neills. Father was an "elfin Irishman" with a wandering foot and a passion for wild places; so he transported his family to the mountains of Missouri and built a home known as "the mansion" to the neighborhood. Mountaineers came miles to see it, spending fascinated moments making sure the water in the bathroom really ran, giving timid trials to the stairs, and invariably attempting to count the books.

There were rows and rows of them in the library to feed a small girl's imagination, but, best of all, there was Father, whose heroic deeds multiplied in proportion to the wide-eyed credulity of a young listener. Father—who had never been within a hundred miles of a uniform—was the real hero of the Civil War. Why, once he had disposed of so many of the enemy single-handed that, needing shelter for the night, he built himself a log cabin from twenty-four dead rebels, where he put up comfortably until morning.

Nothing was too gruesome for Rose, but her favorite was "The Baby and the Bears"—perhaps, to the future artist-inventor of that essence of babydom, the Kewpie, because the story began and ended with a little new-born baby.

### The Baby and the Bears

As remembered by Rose O'Neill

WHERE I lived in Pennsylvania as a boy there were BEARS—hundreds of bears, bears everywhere. Why, I never went outside the house to chop wood that a bear didn't come out and watch me from behind every tree. Once, when my father was cutting trees, one tree fell across another so as to make a wonderful seesaw. But just as I hopped on the end a bear ran out of the woods

and jumped on the other and began to seesaw. Up and down and up and down we went, faster and faster and faster. I was afraid to stay on and afraid to get off. On we seesawed, up and down and up and down, until I jumped off so quickly that the other end fell with a great thump, sending the bear flying over my head and back into the woods again. So you see how many bears there were.

One night my father said to me, "Go for the doctor quickly."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said my father, "your mother has a new baby in the house and the baby is crying."

"Why is the baby crying?" said I.

"Because," said my father, "he is frightened."

"Why is he frightened?" said I.

"Because," said my father, "he is seeing the great world for the first time. So hurry and bring the doctor as quickly as you can."

I knew that it was four miles through the woods to the doctor's and that the woods were full of bears. But I lighted my lantern and started off barefooted. Of course, I always had shoes for winter, but the weather hadn't turned cold enough yet.

But I had gone only a short way along the path, swinging my lantern, when the littlest bear of all came running out. He was only the size of a puppy, but he ran so hard that he knocked into my lantern and smashed it.

So there I was all alone in the dark.

The littlest bear sniffed at my bare feet; then he began to pad-pad-pad along the path behind me.

Presently another bear came out of the woods, and then another, and then another, until the darkness was full of bears, all breathing and snuffing at my bare feet. They all fell in line behind the littlest bear, the biggest bear last, and there were all the bears of the forest pad-pad-padding along the path behind me.

Soon the bears began to walk a little faster, so I had to walk faster; then they began to trot, so I had to trot; then they all started to run, so I had to run, faster and faster and faster.

I felt the littlest bear catch my suspender. I pulled away, but the suspender snapped, so I had to hold up my overalls with one hand as I ran.

Suddenly I stopped and swung myself up into a tree. The bears were running so fast they couldn't stop themselves, but kept right on, falling all over one

another in a heap. By the time they had come back—the biggest one first this time, and the littlest one last—I had climbed high up the tree. The bears made a circle and stood watching for me to come down, but I only climbed higher. Up and up I went, until suddenly, in a crotch above, I saw *two eyes shining*.

It was a panther!

There were the bears below, and the panther above—and I was only a little barefooted boy holding up my overalls



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by a broken suspender. I began to climb out on a limb. But the panther came crawling after me. On I went, as far as I dared, until I had nearly reached the end, and closer and closer crept the panther. The limb was bending lower and lower under our weight. The bears stood watching below.

Suddenly, with a crash, the limb broke, and I fell—straight onto the back of the biggest bear. He was so surprised that he began to run, and all the other bears followed after—pad-pad-pad-pad-

ding through the forest. Bushes scratched my face and the wind whistled past my ears, but I clung tight to the fur of the biggest bear.

On they ran through the dark woods, on and on and on—pad-pad-pad-pad-pad—until presently I saw the lights of the doctor's house far away. Just as we passed the door I fell off and rolled to one side. The bears were going so fast they couldn't stop, but ran on and on, and I was soon safely inside the doctor's house.

He was surprised to see me so late at night, but when I told him how my mother had a new baby in the house and the baby was crying because he was frightened because he was seeing the great world for the first time, the doctor got his satchel and saddled his horse, set me up before him, and started off.

We galloped and galloped until we reached our house, where the little new baby was waiting—but, do you know, we didn't meet a single bear all the way!


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[ Mr. Alfred I. DuPont, one of the industrial leaders of America, says: "The book is not only most interesting; it is also an important contribution to literature." ]


## The Street of Finance

(*Continued from page 110*)

S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparations, said in his report for November, 1926:

"As for the currency, its stability has been fully maintained . . . and buyers and sellers alike have been able to do business with the assurance that stability implies. . . . The output and distribution of goods . . . has considerably exceeded the experience of the immediately preceding years, and have begun to resemble those before the war."

Belgium made her old franc a subdivision of the new belga in the autumn of 1926. Immediately trade began to pick up. Its growing prosperity in the ensuing months is well illustrated by the rise of 30 per cent in security prices between November and the following June. Italy's *de jure* stabilization has lasted only a few weeks, but the substantial appreciation during that time of Italian securities shows that a large part of the financial world expects the improvement of Belgium and Germany to be repeated. Mussolini, as jealous of Italy's financial prestige as Great Britain's Ministers were of hers, started in the summer of 1926 to raise the price of the lira, then selling at a little over 3 cents, to its par of 20 cents. By June, 1927, it had appreciated nearly 50 per cent. It became obvious then that industry and commerce could not stand further deflation, so the rise was stopped and the currency has rested ever since at approximately its present gold price of 5.60 cents.

The French franc has hardly stirred for more than a year, and its position, because of the great resources behind the French treasury and the Bank of France, is thoroughly secure, but the political situation forbids *de jure* stabilization until after the spring elections. Once the votes are counted, the return to a gold basis may be expected at any time.

With the major currencies founded again on gold, the need for the artificial restraints and stimuli that the various central banks have had to apply to industry and finance will, to a great extent, disappear. Under a world régime of sound money, the natural operations of international trade and exchange will supply nearly all the checks and balances needed. Wall Street was a more interesting place when foreign exchanges were bobbing up and down like wildcat oil stocks, but because they are stabilized American business men can more easily carry on profitable foreign trade.



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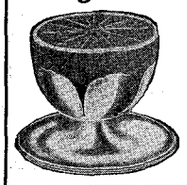

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THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th Street New York


# Speaking of Books

## A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

### What Everybody Is Reading

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

*New York—Brentano's.*
*Boston—Old Corner Book Store.*
*Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.*
*Cleveland—Korner & Wood.*
*St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney*
*Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.*
*Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.*
*San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.*

#### Fiction

**"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.** A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband, set in post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed December 21.

**"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co.** A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

**"Adam and Eve: Though He Knew Better," by John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.** You will find this an entertaining satirical tale dealing with the first companionate and the first Mr. and Mrs. marriages. Reviewed December 14.

**"The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger.** Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. Do we still throw stones at ugliness? Mr. Feuchtwanger has written a brilliant story of the duchess who was blessed with a beautiful mind and cursed with a hideous body. The book is a modern, realistic treatment of an interesting mediæval romance.

**"Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.** This imaginative biography of a French missionary bishop to the Southwest is fine in spiritual concept, rich in beautiful description and moving characterization. Reviewed October 26.

#### Non-Fiction

**"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright.** You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

**"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.** The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

**"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.** The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simply expressed, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books. Reviewed August 17.

**"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co.** This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

**"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.** This highly gifted reporter's account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading to lots of Americans. Reviewed June 22.

### Have You Seen These?

#### Jesus—As Seen by Barbusse

By Edmund B. Chaffee

**"Jesus," by Henri Barbusse.** The Macaulay Company.

The Bible declares that of the making of books there is no end. The same statement holds true of books about Jesus. One of the most recent of these has been written by that brilliant French author of "Under Fire," Henri Barbusse. It is notable in that it is no dry summarizing of the old facts and posing of the old problems, but, rather, a fresh and vigorous attempt to interpret the meaning of the life of Him who became the founder of the Christian faith. This biography is made especially gripping by being told as though it were the autobiography of the Nazarene. It is rendered still more appealing by a simplicity and directness of style which is reminiscent of the New Testament itself. But Barbusse's interpretation of the Christ character is the interpretation of a man who feels that the Gospel writers did not understand Jesus and that the orthodox Christian has entirely misread the meaning of his life. He finds no divine Christ, but a mighty soul who, to use his own words, "grasped all human misery, suffering, and greatness and held them up in his hands that all might see." But so enamored is this brilliant skeptic of the Jesus he has found that he would seek to win us to him. This is the purpose of his book.

And what does Barbusse find as the essence of Jesus' teaching? Just this: Man, rely upon yourself. You can remake the world after your heart's desire. He makes Jesus say: "It is the man who makes, or who does not make or who unmakes. Believe fully in ourselves, . . . remake life in our image and we shall be saved." Jesus, for Barbusse, was the supreme teacher of faith in man



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and men. Along with this and as a natural corollary to it, he pictures the Galilean as a mighty revolutionist. He is the champion of the poor against the rich and powerful. He urges men "to emerge from the original sin of obedience." He tells them that their real enemies are the rich and the powerful; that money, if it lives and spawns, is a monster. His message seems to be much like that of the deposed Bishop Brown, who summons men "to banish capitalists from the earth and gods from the skies."

To draw this picture still more sharply, Barbusse represents Jesus as rejecting nearly all of the great ideas for which he is supposed to stand. There is no Father-God. The only God is within us. There is no future life. Jesus is represented as saying that "to announce to men that they will not die . . . is to make them waste the few days that they have." He was in no sense the incarnation of the spirit of God. This is a mad idea. And strangest of all, perhaps, Jesus urges that the poor overthrow their oppressors by force. "The sword is your tool. . . . O, righteous, take force, if you have it not."

Such, then, is the picture of Jesus as painted by this most gifted writer. It is sincerely done. It is beautifully done. There is truth in it. The picture has a freshness and a vitality which far transcends most writing about Jesus. And yet—one must not be carried away by the beauty of the writing and the uniqueness of the interpretation. We must remember that historical scholarship finds no such Jesus as Barbusse has described for us. He has done what all writers about Jesus are tempted to do, and what most actually do. Attracted and fascinated by the moral splendor of the Nazarene, he has read into his life what he would like to find there. Beautifully written as this prose poem is, we suspect that many millenniums will pass before the Gospel according to Barbusse will replace Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

### A "Natural Savage"

By Lewis Galantière

**"My Life," by Isadora Duncan.** Boni & Liveright.

It was of Byron that Goethe said, "But as soon as he begins to think, he becomes a child." The greatest spirit of the nineteenth century would have said the same of Isadora, if he had known her; and it is certain that if they had lived in the same epoch, they would have been friends—or, more probably, lovers. Isadora, who was whipped suddenly from the earth last September in one of those fantastic accidents intermittently devised by the inscrutable Will, was a beautiful, rapturous, great-souled Romantic, the most unalloyed specimen of Jean Jacques Rousseau's "natural savage" that our age has known. She was equally innocent of wrong-doing and of reflection; her mind was as empty as her heart was full; her life was one of impulse, instinct, desire. She sought to sow beauty, vital and infectious joy, wherever she went; and if she satisfied, so far as lay within her power, every desire that stirred within herself, it is no less true that she did the same for the desires of those about her. She was the incarnation of an attribute popularly (and erroneously) attached to the notion of genius—*i. e.,* total emancipation from every concern with the codes drafted for the guidance of men in organized communities. Her guide was her heart; her sensations furnished her the articles of the only code she obeyed. And now that the great Isadora is dead, it is easy to see that this magnificent Anarchist was, paradoxically, a supremely valuable member of society.

She emerged from obscurity towards the end of the arty and unbeautiful 'nineties with a fine intuitive conviction that she was to bring into the world a robust and magnificent beauty, a broad, symphonic harmony, of which that pallid, sickly age—the age of Beardsley—knew nothing. Born at San Francisco into a decidedly bohemian, music-loving family, fortified by an innate assurance that her life belonged to the dance, she commenced very early to teach other children to dance in order that her family might not starve. In this her sister aided her. When she tried one day to secure an engagement with a theatrical company, the manager said to her mother, after Isadora's dance, "This sort of thing is no good for a theatre. It is more for a church. I advise you to take your little girl home." The "little girl" went home, on to Chicago, then to New York, and ultimately to London, where she first encountered people who combined consequence with comprehension, and were able to help her. From the beginning she refused to do music-hall "turns," and almost as early she reserved her art for the interpretation of great music. While others were performing imitative snake-dances and were will-o'-the-wisping their fatuous way through swans' deaths and butterfly flutterings, Isadora was making Beetho-


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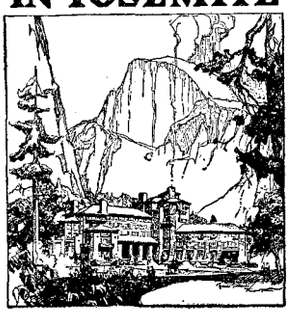

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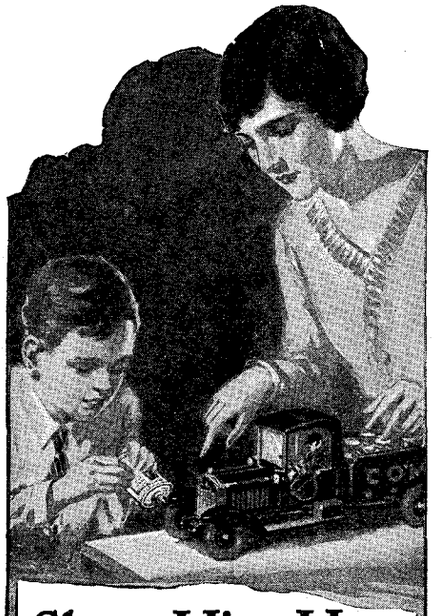

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# *Scientific Facts About Diet*

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

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ven three-dimensional, and thus lending to the dance itself a gravity and a dignity from which it had long been dissociated. Meanwhile, she was particularly fortunate in the collaboration of her brother, the curious Raymond Duncan, to whose contagious passion for ancient Greece Isadora owed an incalculable debt. The story of how they copied hundreds of figures from the Elgin marbles is one of the most charming she has to tell; and that other story of their endeavor to build a home in Greece opposite the Parthenon is at once moving and vividly humorous. True, she says, "it has often made me smile when people have called my dancing Greek," and goes on to chatter about her Irish grandmother and a certain prairie schooner attacked by redskins in '49, but that is merely a specimen of Isadora's intellection. Like many another artist who writes of art with a capital A, she felt in herself a mission; wherever she went she attempted to found schools, to persuade parents to bring their little children to her, so that she might inspire them with grace and health of body and of heart. Her courage was indomitable, her faith invincible. "It was not even as though I taught them to dance," she writes; "but rather as if I opened a way by which the Spirit of the Dance flowed over them." And what is amazing is that such words as these should be no more than the truth.

Her "sex life" (an ugly phrase!) was as untrammeled as her economic existence, and she writes of it as unreservedly as of everything else. The only man she was unable to seduce was Stanislavsky, of Moscow. One of the men who she was determined should not possess her was the divine and ugly d'Annunzio. She married in 1921, but before that she had three children, one of whom died in infancy and the two others in early childhood. Their death (accidental, as was her own) was the one tragedy ineradicable from her mind to the very end.

This autobiography takes Isadora to the time of her return to Russia in 1921, prior to her marriage to the young poet, Serge Essenin. As author Isadora betrayed occasionally a breezy disregard for syntax, but she is never dull, always stimulating, and often profoundly moving. Hastily written, the book contains a score of minor errors: "Lamarre" for Lemaire, "Mottle" for Mottel, "History" for Riddle (of the Universe), "strap-ontins" for the French *strapontins*, "Montesquieu" for Montesquiou, etc. But what magnificent reading! A classic of its *genre*.

### When the President Was Young

**"A President Is Born," by Fannie Hurst.** Harper & Brothers.

This is the story of the youth of David Schuyler, born about 1905, and President of the United States for three terms somewhere in the middle of the twentieth century. Fannie Hurst having magical access to the diaries of the President's sister (not daughter; this is not that kind of President), and knowing pretty well, anyway, what the youth of an ideal President would be like, has told the story well.

David Schuyler was born in Ohio (familiar Presidential nursery) twenty years later than the other children of the home, and grew up among grown people—parents, sisters and brothers, nieces and nephews—adored by them all, miraculously unspoiled. His old parents—emigrants from Austria in their youth, passionate Americans, Methodists, Republicans—were pretty well off when he was born, but thereafter providentially lost their money through lovable unwisdom, so that he grew up poor as well as honest, and had the sterling advantages of leaving school for farm work at twelve, acquiring his education by his "satiable curiosity" and under the tutelage of an absurdly unworldly dreamer of a brother and a hard-hitting Martha of a sister; having, and keeping, a childhood sweetheart; and, as the story ends, starting off at seventeen for the city, to work in a grocery store and study law at night.

Trite! Yes, of course. And the story so simple, so obvious, so little a story, so much the mere remembering of a million boyhoods and a million homes that there is nothing to say about it except that it is good. Reading it, it is hard to remember that the characters which fill it are not living people. The last page leaves one clamoring to know what they do next. Not that they do anything. They simply are, and it is intolerable that, because the book is finished, they should cease to be. And so the imaginations of readers, stimulated by the foot-note excerpts from the fictitious diary, go on developing David Schuyler's career from the family farewell in the stuffy country depot to the triumphs of the White House. The means which Fannie Hurst has employed to give her novel the effect of biographical narrative have accomplished the desired result. Quite simply, the reader believes in the actuality of that career.

This reviewer finds Fannie Hurst's use of English atrocious. To describe a girl's lips as "pink ledges" is simply not



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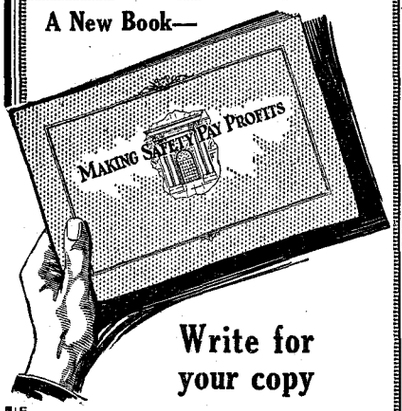


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decent. To gather current personalities, their hobbies, and their writings into a novel really lends no verisimilitude to it, is in poor tradition, and dates the book clumsily. Both these bad habits are old ones with this author, and to an admirer of her powerful, clear, and courageous intellect and high talents they are a cause of genuine anger. But perhaps fortunately, they are not noticeable to the bulk of readers. Certainly it would have been a pity if they had been powerful enough to discourage. "A President Is Born" is far and away the most important piece of work which Fannie Hurst has done, and as a detailed and unprejudiced picture of American life it is by no means negligible. Above all, it is an absorbing book, pretty certainly re-readable (about one in fifty modern novels are), and, omitting the purists, generally recommendable.

### Hair-Raising Horrors

**"The House of Dr. Edwardes," by Francis Beeding. Little, Brown & Co.**

Black magic is coming back into current literature. Herbert Gorman used it, half-way sincerely, in "The Place Called Dagon." John Buchan, in "Witch Wood," set it in a lovely and appropriate Scottish folk-tale, and garbled it into an obvious pot-boiler of a story. Francis Beeding (is he not another one of these mysterious unknowns who writes mystery tales in his lighter moments?) makes black cocks, goats, blasphemous masses, etc., do for a terrifying story of a diabolist, loose in a madhouse. Beeding's tales are all first-rate. He is an adept at making the spine creep, and he writes decently, which is more than most mystery story writers do. He has an acceptable style, a nice sense of humor, and a background of intelligence. (He will probably turn out to be George Macaulay Trevelyan, and, oh, so grateful for this kind of praise!) The lunatics in Dr. Edwardes's house are not too convincing—a little too theatrical for sober madmen. But the few sane people in the book are real, although, like all performers in mystery stories, doomed to asinine behavior, bound never to use any judgment, always to take unnecessary risks, and never by any chance to prepare in their brief intervals of peace for the war that is always lurking round the corner ready to leap out with a blood-curdling screech as soon as the lights go off. It is no fair telling the plot of "The House of Dr. Edwardes," but it would be no fair to let enthusiastic addicts miss it. It is guaranteed hair-raising. And it all works out—no, come to think of it, he never did explain the black shape that rose against the light and cast a horned shadow on the castle wall; or the thing that stirred under the doctor's foot.

### Wandering Britons

**"Islands of Queen Wilhelmina," by Violet Clifton. Houghton Mifflin Company.**

Mrs. Clifton and her husband, "the Explorer," as she usually calls him, are an ideally mated couple of those wandering Britons whose fancy for going to perilous and peculiar places and doing difficult and dangerous things is so perennially incomprehensible to the peoples they visit, not to mention a probable majority of the inhabitants of Europe and America. This time their diversions provided, among other items, fevers, jungles, leaky boats, precipitous trails, leeches, and cannibals, one of whom explained to Mrs. Clifton (but the culinary departments of the women's magazines are scarcely likely to copy) that the human hand, properly prepared, is the most delicious tidbit of our anatomy. Java and Sumatra, and especially the lesser islands of the Dutch East Indies, constitute a gorgeous tropical region neither over-traveled nor over-written, and Mrs. Clifton writes of it with insight, sympathy, simplicity, and an effective gift of description unmarred by effort or floridity. The book is never dull, but it is not often humorous, yet here is a bit of dialogue both comic and enlightening. On their arrival in Mentawi a native helper had been engaged whose credentials the lady of the house had just been investigating. She called to her husband in the next room: "Talbot, we have a convict servant."

He: "Let's hope he's not a thief."

She: "Oh, no, it's all right; he's killed somebody."

He, relieved: "Splendid!" E. P.

*THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.*



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**Private Club in Bermuda** An informal club, clientele carefully selected, offers delightful opportunity (moderately priced) to those planning long or short stay in Bermuda. Further details, rates, Outlook Travel Bureau.

**The American House** HAMILTON, BERMUDA A. PASCHAL, Prop. *MOST* central; moderate; excellently run. Details, rates, direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

### *Cuba*

**The Savoy, Havana** F Esq. 15, Vedado. American plan. Moderate. Delightfully located. Well run. Rates, details, direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

### *District of Columbia*

**HOTEL POTOMAC** Washington, D. C.
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF CAPITOL
Quiet location. Moderate rates.

## Hotels and Resorts

### *Florida*

**VISITORS TO FLORIDA**

requiring special food and care in comfortable home can be accommodated by a lady who is an experienced dietitian. Mrs. LAMB, Seabreeze, Daytona Beach, Fla. Box 5,132.

### *New York City*

**HOTEL BRISTOL**

129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.

ROOMS WITH BATH
Single—$3–$3.50–$4–$5
Double—$5–$6–$7

Evening Dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00
Luncheon . . .50

*Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room*
For comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service *come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."*

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**Hotel Judson** 53 Washington Sq., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

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**Hotel Wentworth**

59 West 46th St., New York City

The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

### *New York*

**Hotel LENOX**, North St., west of Delaware Ave., **Buffalo, N.Y.** Superior accommodations; famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

## Real Estate

### *Bermuda*

For rent, delightful houses for season in beautiful Bermuda. All types, every convenience. List and details. Mrs. Grosvenor Tucker, Hamilton, Bermuda. Cable: Teucro, Bermuda.

### *Connecticut*

**LITCHFIELD, CONN.**

Charming cottage, 7 rooms, bath, artesian well, electricity; garage; 4 acres high land bordered by brook. For sale. $8,000, or for lease (furnished) for season of 1928, $800.
C. R. DUFFIE, Litchfield, Conn.

### *Wisconsin*

FOR SALE—AT SACRIFICE—Academy building, modernly equipped, on campus of 12 acres with fine outlook, in central Wisconsin, suitable for school, sanitarium, or home. W. M. ELLIS, Ashland, Wis.

## Apartments

**APARTMENT for RENT**

514 East 89th St., near East River

Leaving, having just redecorated small house, wishes to rent top floor, 4 rooms, bath, only to suitable tenants with highest references. Large cheerful front room 18x15, south room with open fireplace, alcove room, suitable for bedroom or kitchen.
Tel. Rhinelander 3891 mornings before 11.

## A Mart of the Unusual

**Harris Tweed** Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut.
Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

### STATIONERY

PRINTING. 500 letterheads, 8½x11, $2.50; 1,000, $4.00; half-size letterheads, 1,000, $3.25, good bond; 500 6¾ envelopes, $2.00, 1,000, $3.00, prices include printing. Better grade paper proportionate prices. Small publications a specialty. Rue Pub. Co., Denton, Md.

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

### EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

### HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AP-5842, Washington, D. C.

NURSERY governess, Protestant, in country near Philadelphia, for boy 7 and girl 5. Refinement, experience, and reference necessary. 8,235, Outlook.

### SITUATIONS WANTED

FRENCH woman, past middle life, experienced teacher, desires home with minimum salary in exchange for instruction and conversation in French, or would act as companion. 8,282, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, companion, mother's assistant. Experienced, capable woman. 8,233, Outlook.

GOVERNESS or companion. Experienced, languages, musical, stenography, travel. Disengaged February. 8,238, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, refined, for invalid. Physician's reference. 8,227, Outlook.

NURSE, practical, mental or physical. Sewing, housekeeping. 8,236, Outlook.

ORGANIST and experienced trainer of BOYS' VOICES seeks church position. 8,234, Outlook.

POSITION as companion, by woman of varied experience. Free to travel. References exchanged. 8,226, Outlook.

WOMAN with wide experience in home economics desires substitute position for five (5) months in organization or large family. Would travel. 8,231, Outlook.

### MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED—Two elderly people that can afford to pay for good care in nice home (everything the best). For information write Box 115, Machias, N. Y.

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# SPECIAL REAL ESTATE ISSUES

February 29 March 28 April 25 May 30

## For Those Who Have Property to Sell or Rent

Final copy must be received not later than two weeks before the date of issue in which the advertisement is scheduled to appear.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 120 East 16th Street, NEW YORK

***Let The Outlook Be Your Agent***



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## Rivera and Mexican Nationalism

(Continued from page 93)

beginning to have a consciousness of a new entity—the nation. Nationalism is in its youth in Mexico. It has acquired little of the obnoxiousness which its over-development parades so alarmingly in many countries.

The thought of Mexico's growing industrialization, however, brings misgivings. Will much of its charm go? Will it be unfavorable to the growth of art? So far industrialization has developed fastest in cold countries, while the plastic arts have received their greatest development in warm countries, in regions where the acquiring of "comforts" is not necessary, where an outdoor life is possible all the year, where there are none of the complications nor mechanisms demanded to make life comfortable within doors during the cold seasons, where simplicity of living goes with pleasurable existence, as in Greece. That elimination which is so essential to art, that fallowness of mind which freedom from the machinery of life assists, that detachment from impedimenta, is found in southern countries. On modern Mexican art, however, there is, so far, no abstraction—that refuge of the distracted of our day. In Mexico one is struck by the quietism of the Indians, their statuesque silence, their deep tranquillity—the tranquillity of those whose minds are fixed upon ultimates.

It is the hope of Rivera and his comrades that the machine can be made the friend, not the foe of these people; that by releasing them from poverty their creative powers can be set free; that the machine can be used to satisfy vital needs, not to produce futilities for which an artificial appetite would be created and backs broken supplying it; that sufficiency can be elegance and simplicity exalted.

Truly, great courage is evident in the Mexico of today—the courage of resolute youth—facing difficult problems. If the high hopes of men like Rivera can be realized, then, rooted in the self-trust of Indian nationalism, cross-fertilized by Spanish culture, sustained by knowledge of their marvelous aboriginal art, nourished by public appreciation, favored by climate, liberated by a benevolent industrialism, the genius of this people may produce a new and beautiful flower in the garden of civilization.

## Home Was Never Like This

(Continued from page 91)

wood fiber and rubber and an enormous number of different kinds of brick and stone and plaster, and a thousand other products of mechanical invention and chemical research have been put to use as building materials, each new material crying aloud, it would seem, for a new treatment suitable to it, each new invention a new opportunity for the artist—it is a strange fact that our love for texture and materials has forced us to make all of this newness merely fraudulent imitations of the old. So rubber is marbleized, wood-fiber boards are nailed on a wall in stone ashlar patterns, and there is 'stone' cast in molds, 'stone' baked in ovens, 'stone' put on with a trowel, and we even sometimes torture the loveliness of wood shingles into the exaggerated curves of a futile imitation of thatch."

Nor is this all. When we have turned our rubber into marble, when we have filled our suburbs with *haciendas* and our parks with villas, we nail up new street signs.

Gone is the old practice of naming thoroughfares exclusively for Presidents, generals, battles, trees, and birds. Today we write into our directories the same romantic note that dominates our building plans. Main Street is still Main Street, but the new road out beyond the Fair Grounds on the edge of town is Santa Barbara Avenue. Even in an old city like New York there suddenly appear new streets like Santa Maria Place, Montefiore Road, Bon Air Park, Lorenzo Avenue, San Marco Place, Ponce de Leon Road, Bella Vista Road, and Vista Terrace—substitutes, all these and many more, for the stay-at-homes who cannot go to Florida each winter. As for the whole-heartedly romantic booms like American Venice on Long Island—here every signpost comes from Baedeker: Granada Avenue, Canal Grande, Alhambra Road, Laguna San Marco, Piave Terrace, and Canal Lugano.

"Home, James. Corner of Piave Terrace and Alhambra Road. Send the gondola for Mrs. Jones."

We have been a busy people, and for many years we did not stop to think a great deal of the æsthetics of the things we built, as the older sections of our newer cities testify. We built for service, not for art; and if beauty came as an after-thought we achieved it with a few more eaves, an extra porch, a bit of stained glass in the bathroom, or a bevy of bay-windows.

Now, in a day when we have more time and a surer grasp upon our destiny, we look to our real estate for something more than mere utility. The vogue fo foreign travel has familiarized us with the inexpensive luxuries of Europe. The vogue for Sabatini and Ibañez has helped to bring us Spain. The vogue for the movies has brought us new ideas of what constitutes a happy and successful home. It is to the movies, probably that we owe in large degree the popularity of the iron grille, the bronze *torchère*, the boxwood trees on the front doorstep, and the recrudescence of th bell-pull.

Here we are, pursuing romance, giving our booms Italian names, naming our streets to sound like Venice, building our verandas to look like cloisters, tinting our steel to look like walnut, laying ou bricks to look like tile, mixing our paints to look like colors thoroughly faded by the time of Isabella, going to Verona for our *loggias*, and refuting the charge that we like only what is "useful" by building ourselves whole hosts of things that plainly serve no purpose: Italian wells that pump no water, Moorish grilles fo second-story windows, and Spanish balconies for houses with no rooms upstairs.

We do this with one reservation there will be no surrender on the bathtubs. We are building for charm plus comfort, not for charm alone. There will be no surrender on the oil-burning furnaces, on the rustless fly-screens, or the hot-water heating, on the electric dish-washers, on the electric clothes-scrubbers, or on the electric ice-machines. But if all these things can be satisfactorily incased in an exterior that looks as if it had been lifted bodily from the Côte d'Azur, so much the better.

Somewhere on an old Kearns farm that has now become an Española Terrace Gardens the ideal American residence will rise some day. It will borrow its porch from Pisa, its roof from Naples, its chimneys from Granada, its garage from Barcelona, and its birdhouses from the steeples of Cadiz. And in the pleasant Florentine living-room that looks out through Venetian blinds across the Castilian *patio* to the Brazilian sun-dial, done in Ravenna mosaics on Etruscan marble, above the Sicilian fireplace will be the adage: Be it ever so Latin, there's no place like home.



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